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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

"Excuse me," the girl said in a low voice. "Will you lend me five dollars?"

THE Terwilliger boy stood beside his desk, gazing with glassy eyes at a spot on the blackboard somewhere above Martin Vincent's head, apparently hoping to find there the date of the Battle of Actium.

Martin saw a happy expression light up the boy's eyes, then he realised that the emotion was relief, because there had been an interruption. Bob Hanson, the mathematics instructor, had entered the classroom.

Martin said, "Sit down, Terwilliger," and the boy dropped into his seat like a spent baseball.

Hanson leaned across Martin's desk and whispered, "Bullfrog wants to see you right away."

Martin nodded. "After class, you mean."

"He said immediately, Martin. He said drop everything," Hanson explained. "He looked stirred up about something."

Martin got uneasily to his feet, and groped for his pipe. He was tall and had the slight stoop that some tall men have, but in his case it seemed that the weight of his baggy tweed suit had affected his centre of gravity.

He began nervously rummaging through the papers on his desk, and Hanson said, "Looking for your pipe, Martin?"

"Yes. I know I had it here," Martin ran his hand through his hair, and left it slightly more rumpled than it had been.

He was sure that Dr. Fisher, headmaster of Porthaven School for Boys, had learned of the party the night before in young Terwilliger's room. He should have stopped those kids before they got so noisy.

Bob Hanson said patiently, "It's

there in your drawer, Martin. Right on top."

"What's that?"

"Your pipe."

"Oh," Martin reached for it, slipped it into his already bulging coat pocket. He dismissed the class and walked along the hall with the mathematics instructor.

As they went down the steps to the quadrangle, Hanson said, "You in trouble again, Martin?"

"I think I know what it is," Martin said. "The Terwilliger kid received a hamper from home yesterday afternoon, going to be an after-lights feed, and I meant to stop it after they'd had a little fun, but I forgot."

"He would!" Hanson said. "I was working on my biography, and I really didn't notice the noise they were making. Then Hutchins broke it up. He must have made a report."

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down his faculty members on the least provocation, and it seemed to afford him an additional gram of pleasure in Martin's case.

The setting-to-day was the usual. Dr. Fisher sat behind his big, orderly desk, with his back to the window, and waited until Martin had perched himself unweary on a straight chair facing the desk.

There was a moment of oppressive silence; it was an unnerving tactic characteristic of Dr. Fisher's dealings with students or masters, boys or men.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said at last, "I want to have a little talk with you about a matter of importance.

worked out what he was going to say. Now he stared blankly at the headmaster.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said, "I regret to inform you that things are in a bad way at Porthaven. Financially, that is fifty years ago, when the endowment was made, the funds appeared to be sufficient, but, as you know, over a third of the corpus of the trust was spent to erect the school plant, and well spent."

"Yes, sir," Martin said, moistening his lips. He was leaning forward slightly and his stoop was pronounced.

"I'm sure you know that we've been operating at a loss for some years," the headmaster continued.

"—that the endowment shown a marked increase in the depression years, and that the school enrollment has

dwindled from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five boys, while costs are rising all the time."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, it was no secret that Porthaven needed money. Each year there had been a deficit to be made up somehow.

"I must now tell you," said Dr. Fisher, "that the trustees feel that unless more funds are forthcoming the school will have to be closed and the endowment will revert, as provided in the original trust, to various charities stipulated by the founder."

He leaned forward, fixing his eyes on Martin's face. "Vincent, we've got to have a quarter of a million dollars."

The look in James O. Fisher's eye almost set Martin to looking through the pockets of his baggy

suit. The headmaster settled back in his chair and said mournfully, "Otherwise, the trustees plan to sell the school to a foreign interest which has expressed a desire to buy."

"A foreign interest?"

"Some sort of a factory project," said the headmaster. "Foreign to education, I mean. Not alien. Certainly we can't allow that to happen, can we?"

"No, sir."

Dr. Fisher swung his chair around and gazed at the rows of photographs on the wall—fifty photographs of fifty graduating classes of the Porthaven School for Boys.

The first photograph in the group showed a rather bare hilltop site. The trees had been saplings then, and there had been no ivy on the buildings. Seated on the lawn, in skullcaps and blazers, were seven boys, the first seven Porthaven had sent out into the world.

James G. Fisher said softly, "The lucky seven. Our First Boys, Vincent. Only two of us are left now. Myself, there on the end, and, of course . . ." He paused and glanced at Martin.

"Barton Duff," Martin said dutifully.

"Precisely," said Dr. Fisher. "Barton Duff."

His eyes turned reverently to an oil painting above the fireplace, showing a big, bald man with small, alert eyes set under bushy eyebrows, and a solid, square-jawed face. The Duff portrait faced the portrait of the founder of the school, on the opposite wall.

There had been a day when the founder's portrait had held the place of honor above the fireplace, but Barton Duff had looked down for ten years now from above the hearth. Every faculty member knew why.

Please turn to page 4

**NEW SERIAL . . . Gay, modern comedy
of an innocent abroad in New York**

By EDWIN LANHAM

It may surprise you to know that I did not ask you here to discuss that incident last night, or your general laxness with the boys, I'm going to give you another chance, and I might say I don't give many chances."

"I know that, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, keeping his tone even.

"I hope I'm not making a mistake," the headmaster said, "but I've picked you for a very confidential assignment, Vincent. If you can bring it off, needless to say I'll forget your past inadequacies, including the incident last night. I must say, however—Well, another time for that."

Martin felt tension stiffening his muscles. The unexpected had a way of throwing him off balance, and he had been prepared for a blistering lecture. He had already

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I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

Continued from page 3

DR. FISHER went on pompously: "Porthaven is proud of Barton Duff. I think I can safely say that no other Old Boy has made quite the mark in life that Mr. Duff has. Why, he has eighteen lines in Who's Who, and Mr. Justice Semple Class of '13 has only fifteen!"

He frowned slightly. "And, as you know," he continued, "Mr. Duff never went to college. His formal education was completed here at Porthaven. I think we can all be proud of how well the old school prepared Barton Duff for the world."

Martin's palms were slick with sweat, and he rubbed them together. There was a nervous lump in his stomach, and he wished the headmaster would come to the point.

Dr. Fisher's voice became muted. "In the past, we have come to count on Barton Duff," he said. "Time and time again he has made up our deficit, when appeals to the alumni body in general have had little result. But now, when the need is greatest, Mr. Duff has found a new interest." He gave his head a doleful shake.

"However, it is our hope that, by working through that interest, we can persuade Mr. Duff to resume his benefactions to Porthaven. Unless he does, Vincent, the school may not reopen next fall. If we can persuade him to make a donation of a quarter of a million, the school's troubles will be over. It all depends on Barton Duff, Vincent, and on you."

"On me?" Martin gaped at the headmaster.

"We want you to go to New York and persuade Mr. Duff to interest himself again in the old school," the headmaster said.

"Me?" said Martin. "Are you sure you mean me?" He swallowed hard. "Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid that's not in my line. I wouldn't know how to go about it. I'm no good at persuasion."

"The talent we wish to draw on, Vincent, is your knowledge of history," Dr. Fisher said. "Whatever your other shortcomings, I think you are well grounded in your subject."

He gave Martin a sharp look. "Tell me, what do you know about the Historical Verification Association?"

"I never heard of it, Dr. Fisher." "The Historical Verification Association is Barton Duff's new interest," the headmaster said. "He founded the organisation. He pays its expenses. He serves as its president. He retired from his business affairs several years ago, and he has recently taken up the H.V.A. as his hobby, you might say, and you know how important hobbies can become to retired businessmen."

Dr. Fisher sighed. "The association meets at the Hotel Westbrook in New York, and I have taken the liberty of writing to Mr. Duff offering you as a speaker at the meeting." He held up his hand.

"Now, the reason I didn't consult you first, Vincent, is that it was a last resort. I didn't know whether he would answer the letter or not. Our previous appeals have gone unanswered. However, he did reply, and by telegram! I have it here. It says: 'Be pleased have Martin Vincent address H.V.A. Thursday night.'"

"That's the day after to-morrow," Martin said hollowly.

The headmaster tossed the telegram across the table to him. Martin gazed at it and felt a helpless panic, like a turtle on its back.

"So this is the plan," said James G. Fisher. "You will take the morning train to New York Thursday and go to the Hotel Westbrook. I have wired for a reservation there in your name. You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech."

"But it's the day after to-morrow," Martin said. "I don't have time to prepare a speech."

"You have the rest of to-day, Vincent," said Dr. Fisher. "And all day to-morrow. You're relieved of your other duties as of this moment. Now, to continue."

He rubbed his hands together. "You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech."

You will become acquainted with Mr. Duff, persuade him to discuss the activities of the H.V.A. with you—you know, get him up to your room, man to man—and point out to him the serious condition in which Porthaven finds itself."

The headmaster leaned forward.

"I think, Vincent, that if you can establish a mutual interest you will find Barton Duff susceptible of persuasion."

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "I'll be glad to help Porthaven in any way I can, but what is this all about? What exactly is the H.V.A.?"

For a moment the headmaster gazed out the window, then he cleared his throat.

"Why," he said, "it's a very worthy project, which Mr. Duff has fostered. The Historical Verification Association, Vincent, is designed to combat the false conception of history engendered by the drama, the motion picture, and the historical novel." He coughed slightly.

"Mr. Duff feels that the combined impact of the inaccuracies of these three media, particularly the motion picture, will eventually make history as lopsided as an egg. He hopes to make these media more—er—responsible. You see his point?"

ALFRED



"I want to go in now, Alfred. I don't care if we have still got twenty minutes coming to us on the boat."

"Yes," Martin said. "How is he going to do it?"

"I'm not familiar with the detailed plans of the organisation, Vincent. But the point is: It might be well to dwell in your speech on historical inaccuracies you have ferreted out of motion pictures you have seen."

"I rarely go to the movies." "Or historical novels you have read."

"I don't have time to read them," Martin said.

"I'll put my secretary to work digging up material," James G. Fisher said hastily. He leaned across the desk.

"One thing I must impress upon you: Barton Duff is a big man, a very big man. The man of affairs, Vincent, the hardheaded executive type, the man of quick decisions. I think it is essential that you impress him as sober, industrious, and in all respects presentable. Please be most careful in your appearance and demeanor, Vincent."

He looked with distaste at the shapeless tweed suit. "Do you have a suit that will hold a press?"

"I've got a blue serge," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher's face twisted. "Yes, I recall it. Well, I think it's preferable to tweeds. Please wear it."

"Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid you've picked the wrong man," Martin said. "I'm not the man for this kind of thing. I..."

The headmaster's face had hardened. "Of course you're at liberty to refuse the assignment," he said. "I'll go," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher tapped his fingertips on the desk, and, after a moment of hesitation, his voice became confidential.

"Vincent," he said, "this is between just us. As I told you, it was a last resort, and I have not conferred with the trustees about it. If we can bring it off, well and good. If not, no harm is done. So the less we say about it the better, don't you think?"

"Whatever you say," Martin said. Dr. Fisher rose to his feet, an impressive figure behind the big desk. "This is your chance, Vincent. Your big chance. Bear one thing in mind: It's for the old school. Porthaven will be watching you. Do your best for the old school, my boy!"

Martin left the headmaster's office in rather a daze. Nothing much emerged clearly in his mind except that he must do his best for Porthaven. Do his best to keep his job and the jobs of all the faculty.

A mood of service sustained him all the way across the quadrangle, but subsided dimly when he reached his room.

He dropped into the chair at his desk, on which books were stacked three feet high.

Martin was aware that he tended to retire into the world of the printed page, paying less and less attention to the details of daily living. His excuse to himself was that he had so much work to do on his book—an outline of education in America told through the biographies of great teachers—but he knew that it went deeper than that.

Sitting alone at his desk, he became acutely aware of his inadequacies. He liked to think of himself as a self-possessed and retiring man, although a trifle absent-minded, and it was only in his worst moments that he would admit to himself that he was, in fact, simply timid.

This was one of his worst moments. He heard an eager knock on the door, and opened it. Bob Hanson, the mathematics instructor, had come to learn the result of the conference, and when Martin told him what had happened Hanson whistled softly.

"You've got a heck of an assignment, Martin," he said. "This Barton Duff is a tough old apple. I guess you know that."

"I don't know much about him," Martin said glumly.

"He made umpteen millions in oil after a knockdown, drag-out fight with the major companies, and now he has a stake in every big corporation you can think of. He's got the idea everybody wants to take his dough away from him, and he stays holed up in his house in New York."

"He never sees anyone, never gives an interview to the newspapers, never even has his photograph taken. Martin, you're in a spot."

"But, why me?" Martin said. "I don't get it. Bullfrog used to teach history. Why doesn't he go?"

"Just as well you didn't bring that up, Martin," Hanson grinned. "Why?"

"Duff and Bullfrog never got on too well. As a matter of fact, I hear Duff didn't want him elected headmaster, and he put a padlock on his pocketbook as soon as Bullfrog got the job. You see, they were in the same class, and they're the only members of that class still living. And, as you know, Bullfrog has only got five lines in 'Who's Who.'"

Hanson grinned again. "He'd give his eyetooth to enlarge that puddle by another fourteen lines, to get one ahead of Duff's eighteen, and he's always writing some treatise or other to crowd his list of publications. And you notice he always puts long titles on them to take up more space."

"They've been that way ever since they were in school together. One of them was out of bounds or something in their last year, and the other one snitched on him. I don't know which was which."

Martin said hopelessly, "He likes 'em sober, industrious, and neat." "Well, you are," said Hanson. "All except neat. Look, we can fix that up. Of course, you can't wear that suit you've got on."

"I have a blue serge," Martin said.

"I've seen it. It's hopeless."

Please turn to page 10

THE bulky, thick-necked man with a scrub of dark moustache dropped to a chair the other side of the iron-legged, marble-topped cafe table.

"You'll be Captain Larkin, of the Wyandot," he said, making it a statement rather than a question. "American registry," he added almost mechanically. "Sailing for Lisbon to-morrow in ballast. I understand you own the ship."

Captain Larkin's lean frame relaxed. He had expected the usual "touch" for a drink that one gets from a stranger in a sleepy foreign port, but this approach was new and the stranger didn't seem exactly like a beachcomber.

Larkin's weathered face almost cracked in a smile and his grey eyes twinkled.

"I own the Wyandot," he agreed. "You want to offer me a cargo or buy a passage?"

"That depends," said the stranger carefully. "The tramp ship Carroway's docked here too. Clearing for Greece in three days. Master's name's Daniels. You don't like Daniels. Had lots of run-ins, rows over trade, and such."

Captain Larkin made circles with his glass on the table top. "You seem to know a lot," he said dryly. "Where'd you hear the fairy tales?"

The stranger mopped his face. "It had to be fast work," he admitted. "I only got in with the mail boat this morning. But I get around, and the police were a help."

He pushed a card across the table. "My name's Saunders, and I'm down on a special job. Private investigator. I have to take a certain guy back and it's worth fifty grand."

A muscle in the captain's cheek twitched. "I'll check on you later, Saunders. But tell me first where I come in."

"It's just a chance I'm taking," Saunders admitted candidly. "This is a rush job and you might have ideas. Specially as you don't like Daniels of the Carroway."

Larkin swore a little. "No, I don't like Daniels. He's pulled too many fast ones and he nearly wrecked my kid brother. But get to the point."

The other nodded and hitched his chair closer. "O.K. It's Jeddah Carroll. Sometimes called 'King' Carroll. It's been in all the papers, even down here I guess."

Larkin nodded. "Skipped out with a few millions, didn't he?"

"That's it. Engineered all sorts of phony deals, then when things crashed he grabbed the loot and ducked. Well, the police had no luck tracing him, so the losers formed a syndicate and put up a fifty grand reward."

"They hired my outfit finally to make a separate search. The boss put me to work. I've got a warrant for Carroll's arrest, and I hit the jackpot. Carroll was smart. Changed his name—he already had a phony passport—and eased his way down here. But now I'm stymied, and if he gets away he'll just vanish completely."

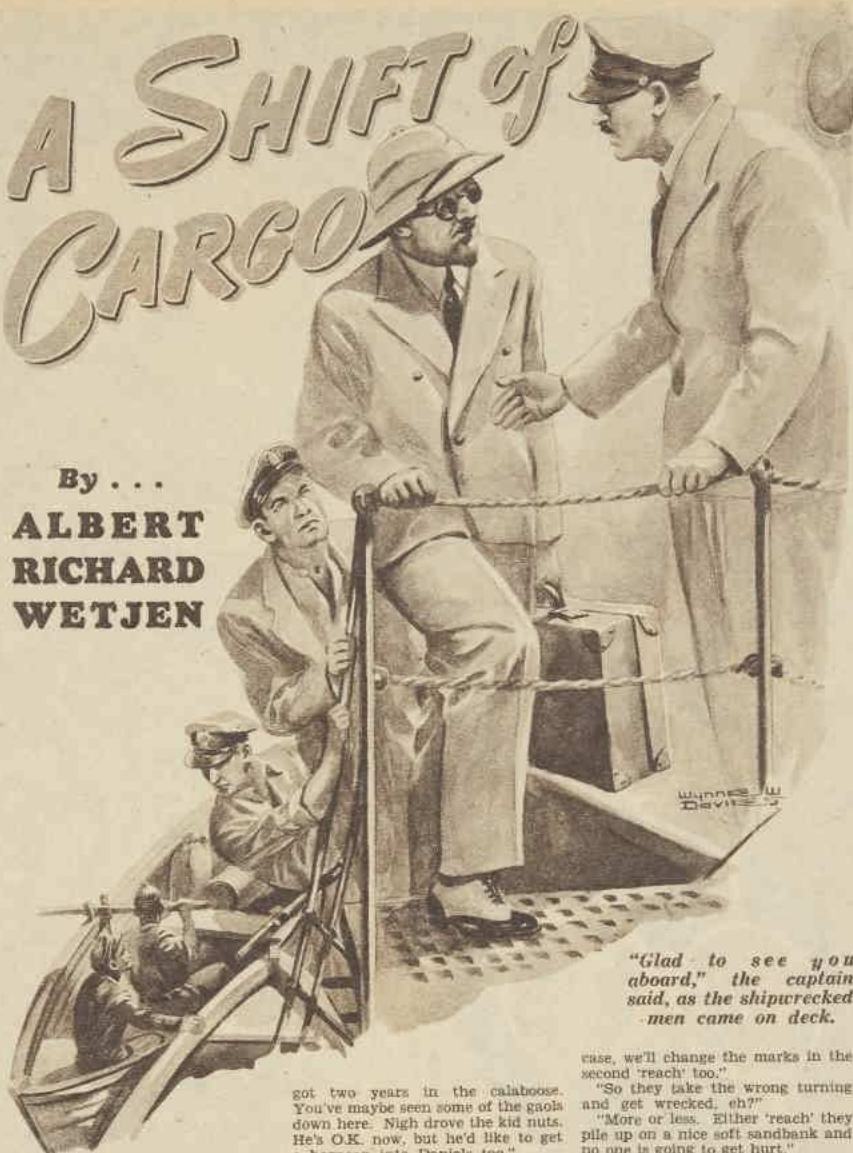
"But why," Captain Larkin inquired. "If you've got a warrant and know where he is, why don't you grab him? You say the local cops are helpful."

Saunders shrugged. "That's where Carroll's been so smart. Right now, he's on foreign territory. Going by the name of Anderson, he's holed up on the Carroway. If she was an American packet I'd just go aboard and grab him along with the consul. But the Carroway's under the Siamese flag, and no one wants any international incidents. Daniels is doing pretty well out of it, too. Carroll's paying him a hundred grand to land him in Greece."

"I often wondered why Daniels rode under a queer flag," the captain stated. "But I still say where do I come in?"

"Like I said before, you might have ideas. Get Carroll somehow on American territory and I've got him. Your ship's American territory. I got a pretty good expense account, and I can charter you until the job's done."

Larkin gave a twisted smile. "Well," he said, "this may be the break I've been waiting for. But



"Glad to see you aboard," the captain said, as the shipwrecked men came on deck.

it might mean some dirty work. I can't just kidnap Carroll off the Carroway."

"No," Saunders agreed. "So it might all be done better as a sea job. Outside the three mile limit to save any squawks. And I wouldn't be too sorry about any dirty work you pull. Some good men shot themselves when Carroll folded, and I guess a lot of women and kids are in the poorhouse for the same reason."

Captain Larkin laughed without mirth and finished his drink as he got up. "O.K. Let's go. We'll see the consul first and get your papers checked and have a charter drawn up. I might be getting ideas already."

"That's what I was hoping," said Saunders heartily. "I might—er—add there's a couple of grand extra for you if you can pull it off."

The captain shrugged. "I'll soak you enough for the charter," he promised, "seeing it's a special job. And I don't need anything extra for doing Daniels out of his rake-off."

The investigator looked at him curiously. "You hate that guy," he observed.

The captain gave his twisted smile again. "I can take whatever he tries to hand me," he said shortly. "I know the game. But my kid brother didn't. Daniels never met him, but he needed a straight guy to help him pull off a smuggling job, and he had one of his men talk the kid into it."

"The kid figured it was all on the level. He had a neat little schooner on the coast down here and stuck his neck right out. Lost his ship and

got two years in the calaboose. You've maybe seen some of the galls down here. Nigh drove the kid nuts. He's O.K. now, but he'd like to get a harpoon into Daniels too."

"Well, what was the pay-off for Daniels?" Saunders wanted to know. "He played it all safe. Tipped off the officials and collected the fifty per cent. cut informers get on smuggling jobs."

"Never mind. The kid and me'll even it up, and maybe this is the break." He stopped outside the consulate and hitched at his belt. "You go on up, Saunders. I'll join you soon. Got a guy to talk to first."

ROLLING slowly along through a leaden swell, the Wyandot had hardly dropped the coast astern when Captain Larkin inclined his head towards the chart-room and led Saunders inside.

"You'll be wanting to know what I'm figuring," he said. "Well, the best way to get Carroll off the Carroway and keep out of trouble is to have him ask for a transfer to this ship, or have Daniels ask."

"You mean wrecking her?" "Something like that."

He took out a chart and spread it on the table.

"What I aim to try is an old one, and the old ones often work." He ran a pencil over the chart. "I left port a day ahead of the Carroway so I'd have time to fix things. I know the course Daniels will take, and about what time he'll hit the Bascombe Channel."

Saunders bent over the chart and stared, uncomprehending. "So what?" he wanted to know.

"We'll reach the Channel first and change the range marks in the first 'reach' a little. The Carroway should be coming in about dusk. Just in

case, we'll change the marks in the second 'reach' too."

"So they take the wrong turning and get wrecked, eh?" "More or less. Either 'reach' they pile up on a nice soft sandbank and no one is going to get hurt."

"But isn't it pretty risky? I mean suppose someone spots you monkeying with navigation aids—or whatever they call 'em."

Captain Larkin grunted. "The Bascombe Channel runs through a chain of sandbanks and rocky islands where no one lives except the sea gulls. A government cutter looks things over once a month, but she's not due for two weeks. We'll change the bearings back, anyway, when we're finished. So the Carroway should be stuck in the sand and maybe she won't be able to get out—and maybe she'll go down."

"That's a lot of maybes," Saunders commented and the captain gave his twisted smile.

"It's a gamble. But we'll play it that way for a showdown. And one thing," he added dryly. "Daniels will be expecting nothing, and probably will have other things on his mind anyhow."

Captain Daniels did have other things on his mind as the Carroway came up to the Bascombe Channel in the flush of a late afternoon. He was on the bridge, his arms resting on the forward rail and his dirty white-topped cap was slanted over his shrewd dark eyes.

The man who stood beside him was thick-set also, but paunchy and pallid-faced. He was wearing dark glasses and a neat Van Dyke beard, and trimly tailored whites that made the captain's crumpled old ducks look even more disreputable than usual.

The paunchy, bearded man was disturbed.

"What do you mean, you've been considering?" he was saying impatiently. "We had a perfect understanding, and I consider the thing settled."

CAPTAIN DANIELS looked at the horizon ahead. "Well," he said dreamily, "I been thinking it oughta be worth more'n a hundred thousand to land you in a launch off a bay in Greece what ain't on the charts and what no one's ever heard of."

"That's beside the point," said the other irritably. "I told you everything was settled at the other end and I gave you the exact position of the cove you were to land me at. Your pay is certainly high enough."

"Sure," the captain agreed. "I can find the private cove all right. But it ought to be worth a bit more than a hundred thousand, Carroll—pardon me, Mr. Anderson—seeing what it was you're getting away with. How about sweetening the pot with another hundred grand?"

Mr. Anderson swallowed hard. "Look here, that's sheer piracy! You're already going to get enough to set you up for life. A hundred thousand isn't exactly ordinary passage money."

"And you ain't just an ordinary passenger," said the captain softly. "So it's going to cost you another hundred grand before you get a look at that fancy cove you want to see."

"That's sheer robbery," the other exploded. He started to swear, then saw he was trapped. "Very well," he agreed quietly. "Another hundred thousand when I'm delivered as per schedule."

"That's better," said Captain Daniels, stretching his arms and yawning. "But remember, you don't get off this packet until I get the cash in hand, and I'm staying outside the three mile limit until the job's settled. Glad we understand each other."

Mr. Anderson bit his lip, but only nodded. Captain Daniels turned his head as the look-out for'ard yelled. "Land on the starboard bow, sir!"

"That'll be the Bascombe Channel opening," said the captain easily. "Very handy short-cut, mister." He called to the mate across the bridge. "Get a bearing soon as you can, Tomkins. Me and Mr. Anderson's going below for a drink." He led the outwardly calm but inwardly seething Mr. Anderson below, chuckling to himself.

It was something to have outsmarted the cleverest swindler of the century. Once you got a man at sea you sure had him. He wondered idly if he shouldn't have asked for a million instead of the extra hundred grand. Might be an idea that'd develop before they reached Greece.

On the bridge the mate had taken a bearing and checked the course.

"Well, we'll be through the Channel before morning," he observed to the helmsman. "Just keep her steady as she goes." He yawned and went into the chartroom to take a nip from his bottle and to put some desultory notes in the log-book, and he waved idly at the young third mate as he came in.

"Not your watch, Chalmers," he said, yawning again. "Three hours yet. Couldn't sleep, eh?"

"Who could sleep on this crate?" the third swore. "Rolling like a barge and the old man beeling around every time you bat an eye."

"Well, you've only been with us a year," said the mate tolerantly. "I've had three years of it, and it's got me a bit sour too, but it pays off. Daniels is a swine, between you and me and the chart table, but his deals generally mean a bonus. I gotta hunch this is going to be a big one, too."

The third shrugged. "Who cares right now? I just wanted to see if we'd hit Bascombe Channel yet."

"Right on the dot, Chalmers," said the mate, jerking a thumb. "There's the South Headland to starboard. I'll be bringing her on the range in an hour."

The third mate stared intently out of the chartroom port and then looked at the chart and gave a satisfied grunt.

"Glad you're taking her through the first 'reach'," he observed. "They're tricky. Well, I gotta get to the engine-room and argue with the chief about that after which needing fixing."

Please turn to page 22



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No Love

By . . .
**M. St. JOHN
BATHE**



"I love you even when you're stupid—anyone could love you when you're sweet," John said.

I WOULDN'T mind, Laurel thought furiously, I wouldn't mind being a spinster if only people wouldn't keep bothering me!

She was in the street on her way to change her library book, and it was the fifth time in a week that she had run into someone she had not seen for a long time, and they had asked her straight out, "Aren't you married yet?"

The last one had been a man. And men were worse than women for expecting you to be married.

They glanced first at your left hand. If it was gloved, their curiosity grew and grew—the question had to be asked.

When you said, "No," they looked at you with several expressions, all of them unflattering.

She was sick and tired of it. Even one's family couldn't leave you in peace. Letters invariably carried a P.S.: "When is Laurel going to get married? We've had her wedding present for years."

It was one of the first questions they asked when they came on a visit. Lately, there had been a note of reproach behind the question. "I thought you would have been married by now, Laurel!"

Once she had answered lightly: "Well, as a matter of fact, so did I!" It had made uncle laugh, but aunt had been offended.

Well, what about it? Laurel had thought triumphantly. They don't realise how they offend me!

She was twenty-nine and she was sensible. She was not prejudiced against marriage, but she thought there was a lot to be said for remaining single. She could even enjoy it but for these nattering people.

She stopped short, for in her anger she had walked straight past the library and had stubbed her toe against a pillar-box. She nursed the toe for a moment, oblivious of the amused glances of passers-by.

Finally, she decided she would skip the library and drown her sorrows in a cup of coffee in a restaurant where there were sure to be people she knew. People, moreover, who didn't question her single blessedness, because they were intelligent.

She went in. The place was practically empty. Of course, it was early yet. She ordered coffee, glad to be alone for a while. She wanted to have a good grumble to herself.

I'm twenty-nine now, she mused, and as I see it I'm likely to be badgered by these matrimonial-minded fiends for another forty years.

How many girls, she wondered, had rushed into marriage simply because it was expected of them? How many had grabbed at some completely unsuitable partner because they couldn't cope with the wearing-down process? "Better not leave it too late, dear . . . it doesn't do to be too choosy."

She sipped her coffee, frowning.

Forty years, she thought solemnly. Forty years of mass pity, of women saying behind her back as well as to her face, "I do wish Laurel could find a nice man!"

I know heaps of nice men, Laurel mused, but I like them as friends, the way they like me. I've got a good job, a bed-sitting room that gives me no trouble, and I'm happy.

She saw her face reflected in the dark, polished table. It was a pale, oval face framed in pale gold hair, a face of which no spinster need be ashamed.

Her thoughts ran on. I've had two proposals—at least. And there

could have been more. But a girl who isn't going to say "yes" has no right to allow the question to be popped. She sat back, pleased with the thought that she had done right by her men.

But pleasure turned to pain as she remembered more Awful Warnings. "You'll regret it when you're old," people told her. "You'll be lonely."

It was wicked the way they went about undermining one's happiness. You felt fine; you'd had a little success here; a little success there; you were lucky; the world was a bright place, then they came and you were left wondering . . . perhaps after all you were only half alive.

And then there were those who said it was selfish to shirk one's responsibilities as a citizen.

That was something that always made her see red—even redder than she was seeing now. A single woman paid her income tax, which was Number One responsibility to-day, and she got absolutely nothing in return.

She drained her cup. Where was everybody? She'd give them another five minutes and then she would have to go.

There are moments in life when you get what you want just by thinking about it. This was one for Laurel. The swing doors revolved and John Gregory stepped out. He saw Laurel at once.

"Hullo, Laurel!"

"Hullo," she said. "How's my tame lawyer?"

"Not so tame." He sat down.

"Have another cup?"

She shook her head. "I've had two."

He ordered and offered a cigarette. When they were both smoking, he said: "What are you doing here so early?"

"I came to change my library book."

"Here?"

"No, silly. At the library, but I walked into a pillar-box because I was furious."

He examined the statement, found it unsatisfactory. "Something wrong with that. You should have been

furious after the pillar-box, shouldn't you?"

"You've missed the point," said Laurel coldly. "But it isn't surprising. You don't know what it is."

He looked startled. "I don't know what that is?"

She leaned across the table, an owl's glint in her eyes. "The question. The Eternal Question."

"Eh?"

"People," Laurel declared. "They make me furious. I'll tell you something, John Gregory."

He looked at her with dazed eyes.

"It's a conspiracy," Laurel whispered.

"Indeed," he said politely. "May I ask you three questions? What made you furious? What is a conspiracy? And do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes," she said flatly. "Marriage is what I am talking about."

He raised his eyebrows. "Oh, you're—or—getting married?"

"There you go!" exclaimed Laurel,

ing this hard, Laurel. In a way, all this why-don't-you-get-married stuff is a compliment. If you had a face like the back of a dust cart people wouldn't ask—they'd know. Anyway, at the risk of being slain by a look from your lovely eyes, why don't you?"

"Why don't you?" she asked indignantly.

"Me? I don't want to."

"That," said Laurel with a grim smile, "is also my answer. But do they believe it? No. A woman who says she doesn't want to marry isn't normal, apparently. Why is it different for a man?"

"Of course it's different for a man. A woman should, er—a woman should," he ended decisively.

She flashed him a look that was distinctly belligerent.

"So! Give me a good reason. And make it original. Don't hand me that line about security and a home."

He looked glum. "That's the only one I know. Although, of course,

there's I—, his legal tongue faltered over the unfamiliar word. "Love. When you're in love, you want to marry. Everybody knows that."

Laurel glared at him. "If that's true, why don't people take it for granted you've never been in love and refrain from asking personal questions?"

He patted her hand. "Never mind, child. You're not quite yourself to-night. A stubbed toe against a pillar-box would upset anyone."

"It's nothing to do with my toe!" she said loudly.

"Now, look," said John. "Let's forget it all. We'll have a meal."

Laurel refused to "forget it all."

"Listen, John Gregory," she said.

"When people are on to a good thing they keep it to themselves. They don't go out inviting all and sundry to come in and enjoy the fun and games. Think that one over."

"You're exaggerating," said John.

"How about marrying me?"

She stared at him. "Certainly not! Anyhow, whatever made you propose to me? You must be out of your mind!"

"Quite. But it seems to me we're both in the same boat. And it isn't

a new idea, exactly. I've been thinking about it ever since last Christmas."

"Well," gasped Laurel. "If you had proposed then I—it wouldn't have been such a shock. I was at my sweetest and best. But to-night—I've never been in such a foul mood."

"Stupid is the word," John corrected her placidly. "I love you when you're stupid—anyone can love you when you're sweet."

"Oh!" Laurel pondered this thoughtfully. "Could I, er—leave it over?"

"Leave it over!" exclaimed John. "What do you think I'm selling—insurance? You don't deserve to get married, my girl."

She said humbly, "I—I was only thinking that if I accepted your proposal I wouldn't know if it was because I wanted to, or if it was the result of outside pressure. You wouldn't like me to marry you because of outside pressure, would you?"

"No," he said grimly. "But surely you know whether you love me?"

"I don't, yet. I mean I don't know. You might have had this in your mind since last Christmas, but no one would have guessed it. Anyway," she added brightly, "you might regret it in the morning. I have a feeling I'm responsible—that I've sold you the idea."

"I've had it since Christmas," he reminded her sulkily. "And I shall not regret it in the morning. I shall telephone you and ask you all over again."

She did not answer, and he signalled the waiter.

Laurel lay awake for a long time that night and she could not remember any other time when a proposal of marriage had come between her and sleep.

John is nice, she thought, and if I had any sense I would accept him. She listened to the rather agitated ticking of her alarm clock. "But do you want to . . . do you want to . . . do you want to . . . ?" it seemed to be asking.

She sighed—no. "But please, please, let me want to—soon . . ." she murmured, on the brink of sleep.

(Copyright)

Sometimes you get what you want just by thinking about it, Laurel thought

exasperated. "You're as bad as the rest of them."

He rubbed his chin. "I still don't get it. All I said was—"

"Listen," Laurel interrupted him. "You're not married. But I'd like to bet people don't keep asking you why not."

He laughed, understanding her at last. "You'd lose your money. People ask me all the time. They're a menace."

"They do?" She was surprised and interested. "Tell me," she said earnestly. "How do you deal with it?"

"Usually I laugh."

"H'm." She sat back. "Usually I laugh, too. But that doesn't prevent me from feeling—stirred up. How old are you, John?"

"Thirty-five."

She nodded wisely. "That means for the next forty years your life will be made a misery by these people who want to see you married. That is, of course, if you remain a bachelor."

He smiled. "You're certainly tak-

Sportswear and Casuals

in our
collection



● A slacksuit, above right, for informal sportswear is made by Jacques Heim of navy-blue linen and given added dash by yellow lacings and linen boots.

● For sportswear Worth makes this suit worn by Paris mannequin Paule Paulus. The daffodil-yellow cloth coat is cut on tailored lines with good length and narrow waist. The loose sleeves roll back casually. The slacks are grey flannel.



● Shorts and top for yachting are beautifully tailored by Carven. On the cover is the same suit complete with full blue-and-white striped skirt. The suit is made of very fine slub linen.



● Bruyere makes a navy-blue and white linen suit with fitting jacket and straight skirt. Embroidery outlines the deep collar and is formed into conventionalised birds. The tight waist of the jacket gives fullness over the hips in the skirt. The hat turns back into a big halo.

● In pink linen suit, above right, Carven uses white cord and white beads to make scalloped decoration to edge the jacket. The skirt is very full and makes the jacket stand out over hips.

● Sage-green shantung with white spots is used by Molyneux to make this superbly simple frock, with its knife-pleated skirt and double cowl forming a bow at the neckline. It is ideal for casual summer occasions.



● A spectator sports suit by Schiaparelli is made of burnt-orange silk and has a long fitting jacket and a loosely falling skirt.

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I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

Continued from page 4

HANSON thought a moment, then he snapped his fingers. "Martin, I've got it. We're about the same size. Want to try on that new blue pin-stripe suit of mine? I'm sure it will fit."

Martin shook his head. "It's double-breasted."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I've never worn a double-breasted suit," Martin said.

"Well, you're going to," Hanson said. "And I'll lend you my tuxedo, too. Say, got any starched collars?"

"No."

"Better get some, Martin. And a new hat. You can't wear that beat-up grey job. Better get a black Homburg. And I know what I'll borrow that Malacca stick from Hutchins. Got gloves?"

"Of course," Martin said.

"I suppose you mean those fur-lined gauntlets?"

"Yes," Martin said. "They're good gloves."

Hanson groaned. "You'll have to get some decent gloves." He picked up Martin's pipe from the desk. "And you certainly can't take this along."

"Bob, I've got to smoke!" Martin said indignantly.

"Smoke cigarettes."

"I don't like cigarettes. I like a pipe."

"You're not going to pack this pipe around in the pocket of my suit," Hanson said firmly. He stood back and studied Martin. "I don't think even bear-grease will keep that hair in place."

"I've got a cowlick," Martin said defensively.

Hanson put his head on one side. "Come here a minute."

Martin approached the bureau, and Hanson picked up a comb.

"Stand still," he said. He drew the comb through Martin's hair, pursing his lips as he made a part and combed the hair away from Martin's forehead.

"Why, you dope," Hanson said. "All you have to do is part your hair on the side instead of in the middle. The cowlick falls right into place, and you've got a wave."

Martin gazed with surprise into the mirror. The change in part, which had brought out the latent wave, had allowed his hair to fall almost glossily into place. It was becoming. Martin looked at his face with rather astonished approval.

Hanson slapped his shoulder. "Cheer up, Martin. You'll do all right. Stop worrying. Now, I'll round up your wardrobe for you."

He went to the door, and said softly, "One last thing, Martin. When you get to New York, don't let anybody sell you the Brooklyn Bridge."

He grinned and added, "It probably belongs to Barton Duff, anyhow." He closed the door.

Bob Hanson put Martin on the Thursday morning train, and James G. Fisher was on hand to see him off. Martin's thoroughly documented speech was stowed in his bag, his tickets and expense money were tucked in his wallet.

By the time he reached New York, Martin's spirits had risen.

This was his first trip to New York. He looked forward to seeing the Empire State Building, and even the Brooklyn Bridge, and he had no particular timidity about venturing into a strange city, even the biggest in the country. He had always had great faith in the nation's well-ordered institutions of travel.

All a man had to do was place himself in the hands of a railroad and he would be delivered to his destination, where a taxicab would convey him to his hotel and an elevator to his room, all without the need of exchanging more than a word or two.

The simplicities of travel Martin had always taken on faith, but this faith was terribly shattered when he arrived at the Hotel Westbrook late that afternoon.

The lobby of the hotel had the look that day of an old lady's parlor up for auction, crowded with intruders. The austere, old-fashioned chairs were all occupied, and here

and there men sat on upended suitcases and flicked cigar ash on the rugs.

Two conventions were booked in the hotel, and at the registration desk two clerks and an assistant-manager were shaking their heads almost in unison.

There was not a room to be had in the Hotel Westbrook; there was probably not a vacant room without iron bars in the entire city of New York. Definitely there was no room for Martin.

"Why, yes," the clerk told him. "We got your wire, but we couldn't fill your reservation, Mr. Vincent. We don't have a thing."

Martin felt lost. He stood by an ornamental pillar, watching the milling crowd at the registration desk. Lack of a hotel room would not have upset him under ordinary circumstances, he assured himself without much conviction, but now the blow seemed overwhelming.

He stood stiffly by the pillar, in Bob Hanson's well-tailored pin-stripe suit, his black Homburg, and gloves and stick, and felt the lump of tension pressing on his stomach like a weight.

He glanced at the ornate gilt clock on the wall. Five o'clock. He had to get settled somewhere and polish up his speech. He had only three hours until the meeting of the Historical Verification Association at eight o'clock.

Martin jammed his cigarette into a sand-filled urn and walked across to the telephone booths. Six nickels went into the coin box and were housed there for the night, but Martin still had not found a place to sleep.

He left the booth and returned to the directory to look up more hotels, and as he was writing the numbers on an envelope a low voice said, "You looking for a room, mister?"

Martin turned, and saw the shiny number 17 on a bellboy's uniform, then he looked into bright, unwinking eyes.

"Who isn't?" Martin said.

"A guy can always get a room," the bellhop said. He took in Martin's immaculate suit, the black Homburg, and the stick and gloves, and said out of the side of his mouth, "What's it worth to you?"

"It's very important," Martin began, then stopped and met the bellhop's eyes. "Oh, you mean the money?"

"Yeah, money. Is it worth a saw-buck to you?"

"A sawbuck?" Martin said. "That's ten dollars, isn't it?" His thumb caressed the cleft in his chin. He had to have a room, he thought, and, after all, his expenses were paid. "Yes," he said. "It's worth ten dollars."

"Okay," the bellboy said. "Walk over to the desk and ask for the key to room 1207."

Martin's eyebrows went up. "What is this, some sort of trick?"

"Go ahead. Ask for the key. That your bag over there?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it and meet you at the elevator," the bellhop told him. "You go get the key."

Martin shook his head. "I don't understand. You mean the hotel has a vacant room all the time?"

"It's vacant all right," the bellboy said. "You want it or don't you?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Don't I register first?"

"All you do is ask the clerk for the key," the bellhop said. "I'll take care of the rest of it."

"Oh, I see," Martin said. "It's between you and the clerk."

"It's between you and me, mister, and nobody else. If the clerk says anything you tell him Barney Driscoll sent you."

"Are you Barney Driscoll?"

"I'm Charlie Savage," the bellhop said. "Number seventeen. Look here. If you don't want the room, okay. I'll put one of them jokers out there in it." He gestured toward the crowded lobby.

Please turn to page 13

Interesting People



MRS. LEITH CHARLESTON

Jacaranda Dance

ENERGETIC career woman, housewife, and mother, Mrs. Leith Charleston, of Grafton, N.S.W., is composer of one of Australia's first recognised folk songs and dances. It is the Jacaranda Dance, performed for first time at Grafton's last annual Jacaranda Festival. Believes we should stop borrowing from other countries, record a folk lore of our own. Mrs. Charleston is working now on her first novel.



MR. GEORGE CAIGER

international affairs

NEWLY appointed general secretary of the Australian Institute of International Affairs, Mr. George Caiger says he has no hobbies but his work. "I use any spare time for sorting out ideas." Born in Brisbane, educated in England, he is an Oxford M.A. An authority on Japan, he was for 10 years lecturer in English at the Peer's College, Tokyo. Served with A.I.F., seconded to General MacArthur's Headquarters. Is author of several books, including "Tojo Say No."



MISS AGNES WILLIAMS

trains missionaries

FIRST principal of St. Hilda's Missionary Training School, Melbourne, is Miss Agnes Williams, of England. Trained at Church Mission Society College, worked at Islington and Bethnal Green Mission Hospital. Worked for 22 years among Japanese and Uganda natives. Taught girl chosen as future wife of Ugandan king, now at Cambridge. Will stay at St. Hilda's for five years, training C.M.S. candidates from Australia and New Zealand.

MITCH persuaded himself to turn away from the girl and concentrated on scowling through the window at the scenery streaking by outside. Half an hour ago he'd considered himself a decent enough fellow; no habitual eavesdropper anyway and definitely not a man who went around breaking up beautiful engagements.

What's more, he'd always figured himself as being a fairly rational type. But this was different.

Now that he was no longer looking at the girl he was beginning to realise just how different. He could feel her behind him, swaying with the rhythm of the train—her hair beating gently against his shoulder-blade.

"Yes, dear," she was saying in that soft, wise voice of hers, thereby signifying complete agreement with the young man of distinction who was clearly her fiancé.

She'd been saying "Yes, dear," to him ever since she'd come aboard.

A girl like that had no business saying "Yes, dear," to a fellow like that. Mitch reflected darkly.

He grudgingly admitted that this fiancée of hers was distinguished looking. He wore the clothes Mitch was too skinny to wear the way Mitch would have liked to wear them. The sort of fellow that women always turn to look at.

There was one thing wrong with him, though, his conversation sounded as though he had been born a conformist and that he washed off ever word before he spoke.

Gerry, she called him. But obviously she was a different type. You could tell it by her informal, hatless style of dressing. And you could tell, also, by the way she watched people, just for laughs but with tolerance. She was quite a girl.

And whatever she had, whatever she was, one look at her and a small clear bell had rung somewhere in Mitch's mind. Here she is, the bell said. Like it or not—here she is.

All of which made it practically a moral obligation to do something. Mitch just couldn't leave her there engaged to the wrong man.

Gingerly, he eased himself round so he was looking down on the shining fall of her hair. He went on listening, waiting for a good opening.

"How about the concert to-night, Gerry?" the girl was saying.

Anything, you sweet, Mitch thought. He waited to hear Gerry say it. But Gerry had his own ideas. "No, Beth," he said, "we can't go to-night."

"Why not?" she demanded. "Because you haven't got a hat on," Gerry said pleasantly but flatly.

It took four seconds for Mitch to realise that the man was serious. No hat, no concert.

Mitch spoke abruptly, addressing Gerry. "A hat?" he said. "Do you think the orchestra would care?"

"Exactly!" Beth exclaimed, smiling triumphantly at Gerry. Then she swung around and her widening eyes looked straight at Mitch. Gratefully, he watched them warm.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she answered, just one point off grinning.

Gerry broke in tersely: "Do you know this man, Beth?"

Mitch spoke before she could reply. "Why a hat for a concert?" he asked Gerry in a tone of earnest inquiry. "It's her head, isn't it?"

"What business is it of yours?" Gerry favored Mitch with a long level look.

"It's a matter of principle," Mitch told him gravely. "Personal freedom. If Beth wants to go to the concert—"

"Don't call her Beth," Gerry interrupted furiously.

"It's her name, isn't it?"

Beth exploded into soft chuckles. "Now see here," Gerry said again, more doggedly this time, and he pointedly addressed Beth, not Mitch.

"I'll take you some other evening, my dear. You can't stroll into a formal concert dressed as if it were a picnic."

Mitch also pointedly addressed Beth, not her fiancé. "Are you going



"You again!" Beth gasped, as she swung around to find Mitch at her elbow.

"At the concert," he explained gravely. "I'm taking you and Gerry, you know."

Beth chuckled, her mood swerving with his. "Oh, no, you're not."

He didn't argue that. "Are you a female mouse or a woman?" he wanted to know. "Aren't you going to the concert? And without a hat?"

"I'm going to the concert," she decided. She didn't comment on hats.

"So am I, as a matter of fact," Mitch said. "We'd better get our tickets."

He bought three tickets, gave two to Beth and accepted her money. He did not tell her that his own seat would be next to theirs. And he made his leave-taking carefully casual.

He didn't get much work done that day. He arrived at the concert early, took his seat and waited with an undermining impatience for Beth and Gerry.

When they came, at last, the lights were dimming. He stood to let them pass and Beth gave him a swift, startled smile. Gerry sat down in the middle seat without noticing Mitch.

This omission would be corrected, Mitch thought dourly. Anyhow, Beth wasn't wearing a hat.

For once, Mitch did not appreciate the music. Glancing sideways, all he could see was Gerry's shoulder and attentive head. Finally when the lights went up for the intermission Mitch bent forward to see Beth. He'd thought he'd seen only her hair as she passed him, but she was wearing a small fur band, a wisp of a theatre hat.

He leaped across Gerry. "Cow-ard," he said crisply.

Gerry snapped round. "Really—" he began and then he recognised Mitch. The recognition did not bring him pleasure.

He nodded curtly, then began an earnest conversation with Beth in a discreet undertone.

Mitch settled back disconsolately. As far as making any progress was concerned, he was rapidly going backward.

Presently there was more music, but Mitch was in no mood to appreciate it. He sat on one hipbone, then on the other, and gloomily observed Gerry's strong-chinned profile.

to take that lying down? When somebody says, 'you can't' to me, I say, 'oh yeah?'

Beth said hastily, "We're getting into the station." She deftly edged Gerry away, speaking to him soothingly.

The train finished its long slide home through the tunnel and stopped abruptly. Mitch watched Gerry step off and slip a possessive hand under Beth's elbow. The two of them walked up the stairs sedately and Mitch followed, three steps behind.

In the bustle of the main entrance, Beth paused. "See you to-night, Gerry. At six?"

"Fine," said Gerry. "We'll find something to do—" He let go Beth and settled his hat. "You again!" Beth gasped, as she swung around to find Mitch at her elbow.

Mitch led Beth away, and a crowd of earnest travellers swarmed helpfully in between. He walked Beth along rapidly, feeling it unlikely that Gerry would race after them howling.

Beth was not objecting exactly, but she removed the elbow. "And now what?" she inquired, curiously.

"Now we can talk," Mitch answered contentedly.

"About what?"

"Oh—concerts, or hats, or pen-guins, or ourselves."

"Why penguins?" asked Beth.

"You ask so many questions," Mitch complained. "Forget penguins. Let's talk about you. Or perhaps you'd feel more comfortable if I introduced myself. The name is Phelps, Mitch Phelps."

Mitch short for Mitchell. I run a small but respectable advertising agency."

"You don't really—" Beth began eagerly, then stopped.

"You can't marry him," Mitch told her and his voice was suddenly serious.

Beth stared at him. "Why, you're really crazy, aren't you?" she said slowly.

"Not at the moment," Mitch said. She stiffened. "If you aren't joking you're impertinent. And, if you are joking it isn't funny."

Mitch swung round a street corner, drawing her with him by a discreet tip of the finger. "Your friend Gerry is a conformist," he

said in a detached tone. "You are not and that is obviously a fatal combination. You get bored and he goes mad."

"Really?" Beth said stiffly. "I guarantee it," said Mitch. "Now I'm not a conformist either. You and I are the same kind of people. Besides which, I've loved you ever since eight—eleven, or at least, have all the symptoms."

"Character analysis while I wait," said Beth. "You tell fortunes, too?" There had to be some way to get to her. Some part of her wasn't entirely against him, or she'd have left him long ago.

"Beth, any two people who try to think straight should be able to talk logically to each other. Shouldn't they?"

"Which two people?" she asked

"Oh, no. He just knows about art," Beth said.

Keeping that fellow out of the conversation was developing into quite a project. Mitch switched into the broader aspects of art.

As coffee insidiously followed coffee, he discovered that Beth's specialty was pencil work. She'd draw anything from horses to halos, preferably horses. And that she had a studio in town. He also discovered that her dark-rimmed eyes were alive with changing expressions and that looking into them directly gave him sun spots.

With their last cup of coffee, they discovered that they shared a passion for fishing.

Finally Mitch said, "Beth, we see things pretty much alike, don't we?" "Amazingly," she said. "You don't think I'm impertinent any more."

"We're being honest," she said.

"And I'm going a step further. Beth, Gerry may be a good citizen, but I swear he's wrong for you. He's a model young man. You'd smother."

She could say it was none of his business. She could say he didn't know anything about Gerry. She could say he was a blundering fool.

What she did say was very simple. "I'm going to marry him," said Beth quietly and with finality.

Mitch rubbed a spot on the table. Presently he asked, "Does the fact that I fell flat on my face in love with you entitle me to ask why?"

She didn't answer directly. Then she said quietly, "I've always loved Gerry. We know the same people and places. We grew up together. I promised to marry him when I was still at school. I'm happy about it—don't you understand?"

"My idea of marriage," Mitch said, "is not so cool."

"I didn't mean to sound cool," Beth said swiftly. "Gerry is what I need. My family's temperamental and he makes me feel safe. He's always there when I need something. You see?"

"I see what you've told me," Mitch said. "I'll reserve further comment till later."

"Later?"

By JANET JENSEN

suspiciously. She was walking faster now. Office-bound people kept scurrying between them maddeningly and Mitch decided city streets were no place for an intimate talk with a girl who didn't want to talk intimately.

"You're really in advertising?" she asked him unexpectedly.

Mitch seized the lifeline. She was showing interest in something, even if it was only his job.

"How about some coffee?" he asked casually. "And if you want any assorted facts about the advertising business—"

Beth slowed and her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "All right," she said. Settled in a reasonably quiet corner, Mitch ordered coffee and proceeded to probe Beth's interest in advertising.

"Well, I draw," she told him. "I mean, I used to. I wanted to do the art work in ads." Ruefully she added, "I'm no good though. Gerry says so."

"Oh, so Gerry says you're no good," Mitch remarked reflectively. Beth's answer was defensive.

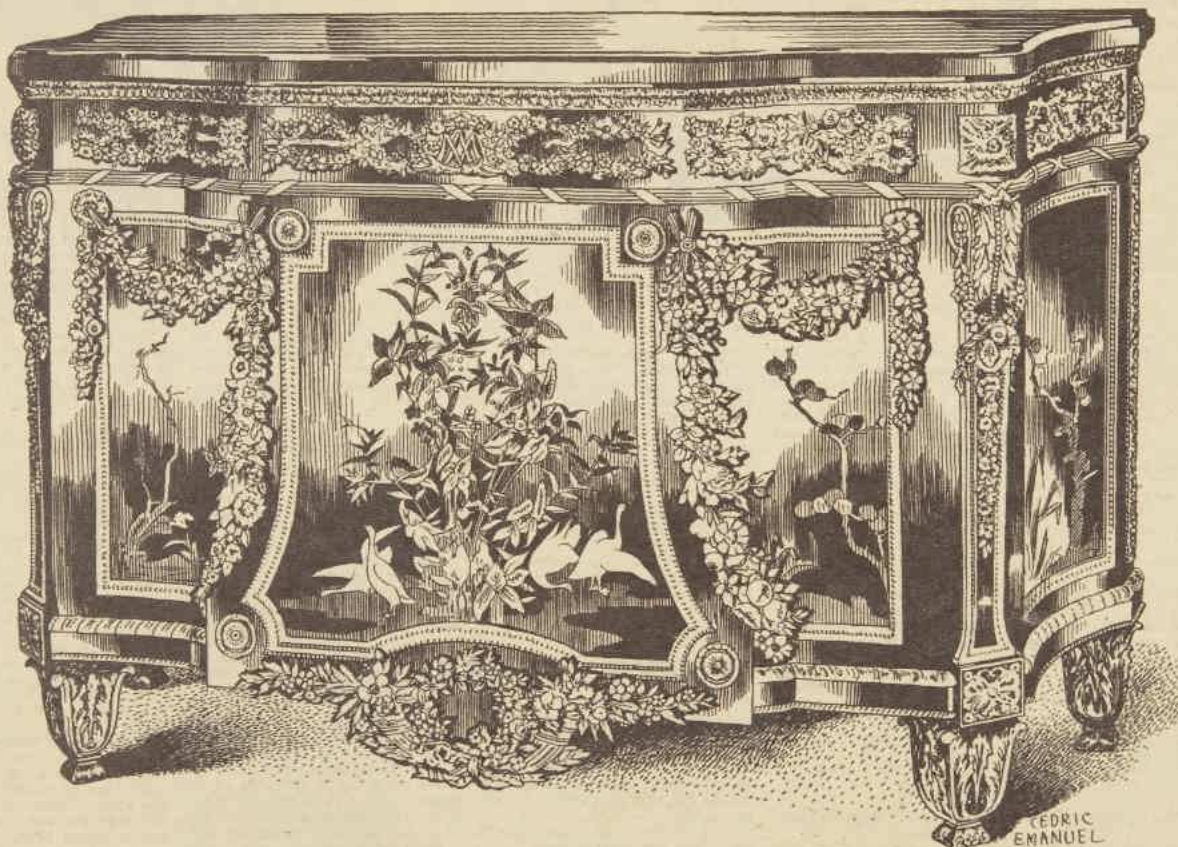
"Gerry knows a lot about painting. He's studied here and abroad."

"Thorough chap, isn't he?" Mitch observed. "He paints?"

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F. 55-PP

I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

Continued from page 10

PUTTING on his hat, Martin clutched his gloves and stick, and walked resolutely across to the room clerk. He had to force his steps. He did not like it and his muscles pulled his abdomen tight. The room clerk was talking on a house telephone. He raised one eyebrow, indicating that Martin had his attention.

Martin sucked in his breath, raised his chin, and said, "Twelve-oh-seven, please."

"Twelve-oh-seven," the clerk said, and backed away the length of the telephone cord. He tossed a key on the counter in front of Martin and went on talking into the telephone.

It was only when he reached for the key that Martin noticed the man standing a few feet away, watching him. He was thin and his unpressed grey coat hung loosely from his shoulders. He had bright, rather haunted blue eyes, shining in a sad, grey face.

For an instant Martin met the bright gaze, then he turned away, clutching the key, and walked toward the elevators. The man did not fit Martin's conception of a house detective, but he could not remember ever having encountered a house detective outside of bad jokes.

He had no way of knowing, and he felt a contraction of his shoulder blades where the bright eyes probably were watching him.

The bellhop was waiting by the elevator with Martin's suitcase. He motioned Martin into the elevator, and followed. Martin's stomach readjusted itself somewhat on the trip to the twelfth floor, but sank again when the bellhop opened the door of room 1207 and said, "Here you are."

It was a suite. Not only a suite. At least a grand suite, Martin thought. He gave the bellhop a shocked look and the boy said, "Not bad, huh? Worth a sawbuck, ain't it?"

"Listen," Martin said. "I can't stay here. This is somebody's room. Look, there's a photograph. And a private bar! That's not hotel furniture. Somebody lives here!"

"Relax!" Charlie Savage said. "You want the room, or don't you? Guy who rents it is out on the Coast, but he don't want it to go to waste. Somebody sleeps here most every night. They just stop at the desk and say Barney Driscoll sent 'em and get the key and come on up. He left orders they could do it."

"Yes," Martin said. "But suppose somebody comes to-night?"

"You got the key, ain't you?" The bellhop thrust the key into Martin's hand. "Just hang on to it. Now, how about that sawbuck?"

Martin swallowed hesitated. Finally he asked, "Have you done this before?"

"All the time," the bellhop said. "Two—three nights a week."

Martin took out his wallet, extracted a ten-dollar bill, and gave it to the bellhop. Charlie went to the door, turned, and grinned. "When you want to go, let me know. Just phone down for Charlie Savage. Number seventeen."

"When I want to go where?" Martin said.

"When you want to check out," the bellhop said. "After all, chum, you ain't registered. You try and walk out of here with your bag and the house dick will stop you. See?"

Martin saw. He nodded glumly. "But you just call me and I'll get you out," Charlie said with a happy grin. "It'll cost you another ten, though."

He went out very quickly, and Martin sank dismally into a chair. He felt trapped, but he tried to reassure himself. It was a variant

room, wasn't it? Why shouldn't he sleep here? A representative of the hotel had put him here, if it came down to cases.

Of course he ought to telephone down to the manager and explain the whole thing and have that thieving bellhop tossed out on his ear, but he hesitated to do so, and not from regard for Charlie Savage. A call to the manager would probably mean a call from the house detective.

Martin squared his shoulders and drew in a deep breath. What the heck, he told himself; he had a room and why couldn't he use it without any nonsense?

Lots of guys would think nothing of it. They'd settle in and sleep like kittens. They'd tell the manager where to get off, and they'd probably wring that bellhop's neck. Why couldn't he do the same?

He looked around the room. In the corner was a small bar, well stocked. On the table was the photograph he had noticed when he first entered the room. He picked it up. A beautiful, raven-haired woman smiled out at him.

On her shoulder she wore an inked scrawl that said: "To dear old Barney, with Hedy's love." He put the photograph hastily back in place.

He went through into the bedroom, and was startled by a glimpse of a tall, pale man, beautifully turned out, a man who belonged in this handsomely appointed suite. It was his own reflection in the mirror, as he realised instantly, and he paused to inspect it. He was so impressed by his own appearance that he felt better.

He reminded himself that the bellhop had told him friends of Barney Driscoll often stayed here, and he remembered how the clerk had passed him the key without question. Still, he felt himself an intruder.

He returned to the living-room, saw his suitcase by the door and carried it into the bedroom; then he got out of the suite as fast as he could. What he needed was a drink. For years his drinking had consisted solely of one highball a week. But that was in Porthaven.

He hadn't needed a drink in Porthaven. In the Westbrook's oak-paneled bar, Martin settled himself at a table and ordered Scotch and water. He poured the substantial jigger of whisky into the water, stirred it, and raised the glass to his lips, but he did not drink.

His eyes met again the bright gaze of the shabby man he had seen at the registration desk when he asked for the key to room 1207. The man was at the bar drinking a beer, and had adjusted his body on one elbow so that he could stare at Martin.

Martin was disturbed. Was the man following him? Certainly he acted like a house detective checking up. For a moment Martin thought of walking over to the bar and explaining just what the circumstances were, but he discarded the idea.

After all, the man had not approached him. He yet had time to get his bag out of the room and find another hotel if possible. He lifted his glass and swallowed the whisky, then left money on the table and moved out to the lobby.

First he would get hold of Charlie Savage and have him bring the bag down; then he would try his luck telephoning every hotel in the directory for a room. He looked around the lobby and saw the bellhop sitting on a bench near the bell-captain's desk.

Martin beckoned to him, and they met by a potted palm, where Charlie listened unwinking to Martin's urgent whisper, "I've got to get my

bag out of here. The house officer is following me."

"Sam is?" The bellhop shrugged. "Look, don't worry about it. I can take care of Sam. It may cost you something, though."

Panic rose in Martin. "No!" he said. "Just get my bag!" Through the fronds of the palm he could see the entrance to the bar, and he recognised the baggy knees of a grey, unpressed suit. "There he is now, Charlie. He's watching everything I do."

Charlie turned his head. "Where?" he asked.

"There. Standing at the door to the bar."

Charlie shook his head. "That ain't the house dick. The house dick is a big fat guy."

Martin looked again. "Then who is he?"

The bellhop shrugged. "I don't know him. I've seen him though, hanging around."

"I guess I'm jittery," Martin said apologetically. "I was sure he was following me."

Charlie gave Martin a long look and said, "You want I should find out who he is?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Can you?"

"Sure. You wait here."

"I'll wait in the bar," Martin said.

He returned to his table and ordered another Scotch. He turned his head frequently toward the door, but saw no sign of Charlie Savage.

But as he looked, his eyes, for an instant, met long-lashed grey eyes. He turned his head away, then looked again, and once more grey eyes met his. They belonged to a girl sitting at the next table, right against his own.

Martin hastily turned away, but he had seen enough to know that she was a very pretty girl and that she looked troubled. Possibly, he thought, he imagined that part of it. Perhaps his own pressing anxiety made him think that she looked anxious also. It was incredible how much the incident of room 1207 had upset him.

The waiter brought his drink. As he stirred it, Martin turned his head a little, so that the next table came into the corner of his vision. The girl wore her blonde hair drawn back to show her small ears. Her mouth was wide, but nicely shaped, and her nose was straight and rather prominent.

The nose gave her a vaguely foreign look. Martin thought, possibly French. She had that self-contained, knowing confidence of a Frenchwoman. You saw it in American girls who had travelled a lot, but Parisians seemed to acquire it by birthright.

Either type gave Martin a timid sense of inadequacy. He was always at a loss with confident women.

He had almost forgotten the drab little man with the hungry blue eyes. Then he glanced up and saw him standing again at the bar. The man turned his head quickly away, and Martin frowned. The Scotchies had done their work and anger possessed him. He'd get up, he decided, and walk up to the bar and ask this fellow why he was following him around.

He started to rise, but dropped back again. He had no proof that the man was following him, none at all. He had been at the registration desk when Martin asked for the room key; he had been in the bar when Martin was there, and now he had returned to the bar. That was all.

Martin had caught his eye a couple of times, but then he had also caught the eye of the girl at the table next to his.

"Excuse me," a low voice said. "Will you lend me five dollars?"

To be continued

WORTH TALKING ABOUT!

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2—RADIO listeners Laraine Day and Kirk Douglas are intent on a description of a baseball game played by the Brooklyn Dodgers, managed by Laraine's husband, Leo Durocher.

SCENES FROM HOLLYWOOD ...



4—APPLAUSE given by young singing screen star Jane Powell and juvenile lead Marshall Thompson at the official opening of hospital financed by the film colony.

DURING their leisure hours Hollywood's famous stars are photographed by candid cameraman Nat Dallinger as they attend social engagements, or relax in their homes. Resultant pictures are not always flattering, but most players good humoredly realize that their fans enjoy seeing them away from the glamor of the studios' carefully studied photography.



5—FINAL ADJUSTMENTS to his trim model sailing ship are made by Warner's star Humphrey Bogart. Model-boat building is one of the actor's favorite hobbies. His newest film is "Dark Passage."



3—ART PATRONS Gary Cooper and his wife, Sandra, give their attention to a book on old paintings at the opening of an art gallery.



6—CLOSE FRIENDS Clark Gable and glamorous Nancy "Slim" Hanks attend a Hollywood nightclub together before Clark leaves for Europe.

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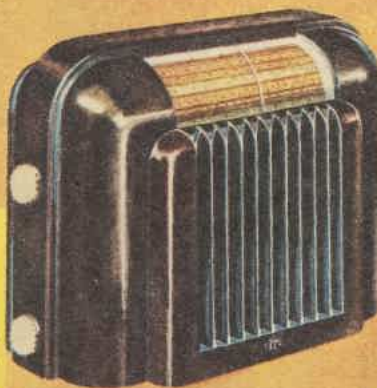


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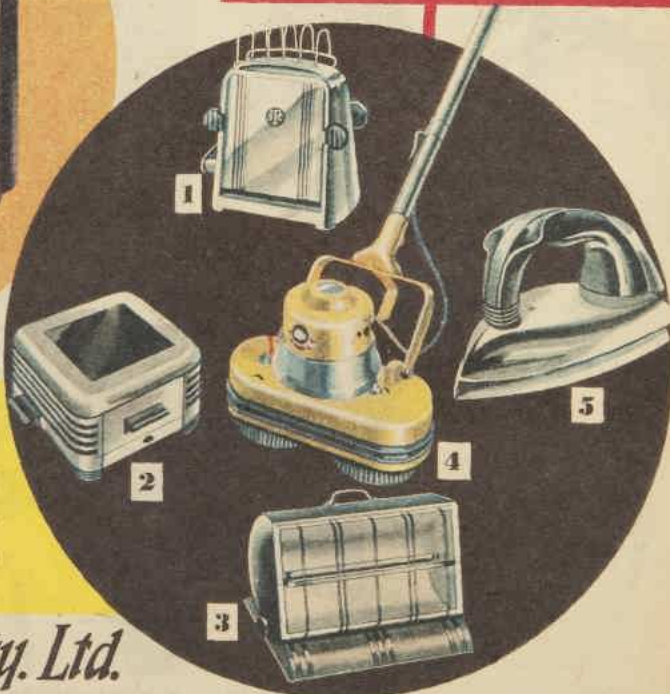
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Princess Margaret's coming-of-age next week

Will revive tradition by wearing new party frock

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Princess Margaret will be eighteen on August 21. On that day she will come out officially, appoint her own lady-in-waiting, and, reviving a Royal tradition that has lapsed sadly since the outbreak of war, wear a new dress—as once did every Royal lady on her birthday.

On that night the ballroom at Balmoral Castle will be decked with fairy lights, a samba band from London will alternate with the skirl of pipes, and tartan-sashed girls will dance with young noblemen in kilts.

CENTRAL figure in the gay scene will be the girl whose daintiness and almost ethereal loveliness remind us of the fairy-tale princesses of our youth.

Ever since Princess Elizabeth married, the spotlight has turned more and more on the little sister Margaret, who for years has stood in the background, yet quite often has stolen the show with her winsome appeal and engaging smile.

On her birthday this year Margaret will heave a sigh of relief that she is just that much nearer being grown up.

For gay Princess Margaret has little taste for the Royal classrooms, and school days that never seemed irksome while Princess Elizabeth was there to share them are now dull and lonely.

While 18 was the official coming-



LADY CAROLINE SCOTT may be appointed a lady-in-waiting to the Princess.

of-age of Elizabeth and marked her entry into affairs of State, August 21 this year has no such significance for Princess Margaret.

She comes out in her private and very full young life, and she gets a mention in the Court Circular.

She is second in succession to the Throne until the expected baby of Elizabeth demotes her further down the line, but her birthday is not a State occasion.

It will be very much a family affair, celebrated with her relatives and her ever-widening circle of young friends.

She is a popular member of Mayfair's Younger Set, and there are few dance bands she hasn't stepped out to, and few theatres she hasn't seen.

Princess Margaret has far more boy-friends than her sister had at her age.

Free to marry whom she chooses, so long as he is not divorced, or a Roman Catholic, the Princess at 18 (thinks far less of her boy-friends than she does of her clothes).

For eligibles are in abundance round the glamorous Princess, but "clothes are hard to come by for most of us young girls," she complained of rationing.

It is Margaret's "public" who do all the match-making and worrying about a possible husband for her. Singling out first the young Marquess of Milford Haven reported to have held her hand under the table at Ciro's, they switched to Prince George of Denmark, when Philip's best man and Elizabeth's bridesmaid gave them nothing further to go on.

Prince George and Margaret rumors fizzling out, other eligibles flickered in and out of the limelight—Lord John Hope, M.P. for Midlothian and Peebles; the Earl of Derby, till he scotched rumor by marrying Lady Isabel Milles-Lade; Colin Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner.

Now the 22-year-old Lord Blandford is catching the roving eye of the romantics.

It is rumored the King has asked, and the Queen advised, Margaret to wait until she is 20 before considering marriage. With such a wide choice it is more than likely she will.

If Margaret wishes she can and probably will marry a commoner. Nationality is no bar—provided she has the King's consent. She could marry an American, or meet her husband on a Dominion tour.

One thing is certain—Princess Margaret will not be courted by a fortune-hunter. For she has no money of her own outside an unspecified amount left by the late George V, and £20,000 by a friend of her parents, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville.

For her everyday needs the King makes Margaret an allowance from the Privy Purse, the exact amount being a Palace secret. But Margaret makes no secret of the fact that it all goes on dress.



THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD belongs to Margaret's circle of friends.

Princess Margaret is building up a wardrobe for her tour of the Commonwealth and New Zealand.

With a flair for dressing that has developed along her own rather individual style of feminine, picturesque clothes, she has a large teen-age following in England.

She really loves clothes, and it's because she can't get enough that she's using her "touring" wardrobe coupons on "new look" clothes to be worn now.

She launched into the "new look" for the Royal Silver Wedding anniversary in April, taking the plunge sister Elizabeth had not quite the courage for, and stepping out in a full ballerina skirt and peplumed hips.

She is only five feet two inches tall, with a 23-inch waist that she has nipped to 21½ inches.

Her shoulders droop slightly, giving her a rather delicate look. Beside the more robust radiance of the other Royal ladies there is a winsome appeal about Margaret.

When she fell ill this summer—first with measles, then with fibrositis—she was sadly missed from the life of the Court.

The day she ricked her neck and the Queen had to send a messenger racing through the streets on a motor-bike to tell 2000 guests at Barnardo's Homes what had happened, the disappointment was acute.

Even for those who had waited an hour in the full blast of a cold English summer the sympathy was all for Margaret.

"She doesn't look too strong," they said.

The King has ordered that she rest a good deal more and build up her strength for the strenuous tour of Australia and New Zealand next year.

The Little Theatre Movement enrolled a new member this season in the Princess who went to "The Ballrooms" with a party of friends.

One of Margaret's "eligibles" is a member—Julian Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland. Margaret paid her guinea and became a member, too.

A real music-lover, Princess Margaret's visits to Glyndebourne, the Royal College of Music, and to the Symphony Concerts in London have been features of the season.

She plays the piano well, and can improvise.

She used to paint, but there is little evidence that she has developed this talent. And in an amateurish way she knits and sews.

The touch of precocity that marked her early teen-age years has given way to a lively wit and her natural exuberance makes conversation with Margaret easy and entertaining.



AT A CONCERT at Glyndebourne Opera House recently, Princess Margaret wore a sky-blue and white suit with matching hat.

She rides very well, and swims occasionally. This season she learned to drive a car at Balmoral, and would like one of her own.

She has a fine collection of gramophone records with dance numbers predominating. She reads everything she can lay her hands on, and has subscriptions to Book of the Month Clubs.

Princess Margaret has a close friend and good companion in nineteen-year-old Sharrman Douglas, daughter of the American Ambassador to London, Mr. Lewis Douglas.

She is particularly friendly with Lady Caroline Thyne, the very lovely daughter of the Marquis of Bath, and Lady Caroline Scott, a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester. One of these girls will probably be her lady-in-waiting.

Princess Margaret has a lovely complexion, but she also has a youthful weakness—a tendency to put on too much lipstick.

She loves a good splash of color, but recently she has become a little more expert with her make-up, and the lipstick is less thick than when she first started using cosmetics out of her sister's box.

£2000 COOKERY CONTEST

● See page 34 for details of our £2000 contest. A Grand Champion prize of £1000 is offered for a model food budget and menu plan, and £1000 for recipes. During the currency of the contest £30 is given away every week in progress prizes. This week's prize-winning recipes are on page 33.



THE HON. JULIAN FANE, who shares Princess Margaret's interest in Little Theatre Movement.



AT EIGHTEEN Princess Margaret is a lovely, vivacious young woman.

CHOOSE YOUR ANNIVERSARY

THIS is quite a time of the year for anniversaries.

Last week included August 4, date of dread that saw the opening of World War I and remained to haunt succeeding generations.

Its significance is not dimmed by the anniversary of a few weeks hence, September 3. The outbreak of World War II has come to be regarded sadly as a mere continuation of that other war.

And in between these two days of gloom and mourning comes August 15, next Sunday, when sunlit memory may briefly recapture the exultant gratitude with which peace was welcomed on that date three years ago.

It is easy to feel bitter about the contrast between the joys of that day and the anxieties of this week.

Sometimes peace seems an illusion that barely outlived the swelling emotions of V-P Day; the nations no sooner faced the practical problems of victory than they began to quarrel their way toward another conflict.

Yet there is a grain of comfort among the ill omens of this thought.

They have been scraping so long, but the blessed fact remains that they are not yet at war and there is still hope that each succeeding danger will dwindle from the stature of a crisis to that of merely a problem.

While this is still true, it is fitting that, on August 15, the world remember the sublime relief of that day and forget the black disasters of the other two.

WORTH Reporting

WHEN we called on Mr. Phil Garlick, of Sydney, chimney sweep and stove expert, we first asked him whether Phil Garlick was his real name, and were assured that it was.

Our ideas of a chimney sweep's job had been colored by Charles Kingsley's "The Water Babies," in which Tom had straw burnt beneath him to make him climb into the chimney. But, of course, we were much behind the times.

"Going up a chimney's illegal," said Mr. Garlick. "You get your broom and push it up the chimney turning it round, pulling and pushing, disturbing all the soot. You've got to be careful of the dampness. If you pull that down the rain will pour down the chimney."

Other things which the long broom may bring down are bricks—one fell on Mr. Garlick's elbow one day—bees and birds' nests.

"People think chimney sweeps are dirty," he said somewhat indignantly, "but we do our best to keep soot from dirtying people's houses. I always do the job myself, and I cover the fireplace, and work under a curtain."

Chimney sweeping is a man's job. "Though during the war some young ladies asked if they could learn chimney-sweeping. They came round with me once, but I think it was just a publicity stunt," said Mr. Garlick sagely.

Another encounter Mr. Garlick had with a lady was lucky for the lady. (Chimney sweeps proverbially bring luck).

"This lady chased after me and kissed me for luck. Next week she won five pounds in the lottery," said Mr. Garlick.

We learned from Mr. Garlick that a chimney sweep is a man of many parts. He must have knowledge of many trades—bricklaying, plastering, engineering, carpentering, and architecture. Now Phil Garlick spends a lot of time attending to stoves, and remodelling fireplaces.

When we returned from the interview we called at the Public Library to find the origin of the expression, "Phil Garlick," used as it is by people to describe someone usually themselves, on whom some additional and unwanted responsibility has fallen.

Of several theories given in books of reference we liked best the one which suggested it comes from "pill garlick," meaning to peel garlic, a job which usually meant tears.

Care of tuberculosis

AN important step in tackling the problem of expectant mothers suffering from tuberculosis has been made by the N.S.W. Division of the Red Cross Society.

They have turned the Eva Hordern Red Cross Convalescent Home at Strathfield, Sydney (formerly a convalescent home for ex-service women), into a home where tubercular mothers-to-be may be cared for while awaiting the birth of their babies.

For the confinement mothers will be moved to Crown Street Women's Hospital. Following it, they will go to Bodington, Red Cross home at Wentworth Falls. While the mother is there, her baby will be cared for either by relatives or people suggested by Red Cross social workers and approved by the baby's parents.

When there is no longer any danger of the mother infecting her baby, they will be reunited.



"Did Drake finish his game of bowls? Did the Spaniards conquer England? Come in tomorrow for the next thrilling episode, same time, same place."

BOOKS returned to Sydney Municipal Library often contain odd bookmarks. Library workers find hairpins, scissors, nail-files, playing cards, pound notes, postal notes, tobacco, and tram tickets in returned books.

Mr. Flannery, of the library staff, said regretfully that "people aren't sentimental any more. We don't find pressed flowers between the leaves now."

Girl wig-dresser

A YOUNG New Zealand girl, 20-year-old Yvonne Zahara, who has been in Australia for two years, has one of the most unusual jobs associated with the theatrical world.

She is a trained stage wig-dresser, worked for six and a half months with the make-up department for "Eureka Stockade," and has the job of looking after the whole of the Old Vic Company's wigs during the Sydney season.

These include the mauve, blue and green pompadour wigs used in "The School for Scandal," the lacquered moustaches and pageboy wigs worn by the cast of "Richard III," as well as the more conventional stage wigs used during the season.

Old Vic wardrobe mistress Mrs. Emma Selby-Walker, who brought between 30 and 40 of the company's wigs to Australia, said that in all the other States she had to send the wigs to local wig-makers to be cleaned, re-whitened, and curled because there were no trained technicians available to do the job at the theatre.

"When I found Miss Zahara was an expert in this field I employed her at once, and she has also helped us as a dresser," she said.

Unlike most girls, brown-haired, poised Yvonne much prefers work backstage in the theatre, and has never had any yearnings for the footlights.

"There is much more scope in the technical side of the theatre, and ever since I was 15 I have been working with various amateur productions," she said.

"I set the softer wigs with curl papers rather than tongs, and leave them all night before combing out," she said. "They are made of a mixture of human, goat, and yak hair and will last indefinitely if they are well looked after."

FOLLOWING a paragraph in this page about the Queensland or Macadamia nut (24/7/48) and their hardness, we had a letter from Mrs. J. F. Fitzgerald, of New Farm, Brisbane.

Mrs. Fitzgerald tells us that for home use the nuts may be fairly easily cracked with a nutcracker if they are first heated in a moderately hot oven for ten minutes (or until the shells are hot to the touch).

Children's shoes

WHEN a Melbourne children's shoe manufacturing firm celebrated its 60th year of shoemaking recently, three of the long-service employees who received presentation watches were women.

They were Misses Nell Hart and Nell Wener, who have been on the job for 30 years, and Miss Lily White, who started beside them 28 years ago. She was only 14 then, but gave her age as 16 so that she could qualify for 15/- a week instead of 11/-.

In those days there were three standard designs in children's footwear: merry maid (ankle straps), slightly more staid one-bars, and serviceable Derby ties.

To-day, Misses Hart, Wener, and White supervise the manufacture of a variety of footwear made from about 30 basic designs.

They sigh about the quality of old-time leathers, but say that the average young child grows out of its shoes rather than wears them out.

Between the ages of one and five years the average child grows into new shoes every three months. From five until 12 or 13 the size changes about twice a year. After that there is usually little variation.

Misses Hart, Wener, and White say working conditions have changed as much as shoe styles. To-day the job is done in well-lighted, air-conditioned rooms at brightly painted machines, and, of course, good wages.

The one thing about the place which has stayed the same is the button-sewing machine. It's still sewing on buttons as efficiently as it did 30 years ago.

The firm, Paddle Bros., one of the oldest children's shoe manufacturing firms in the Commonwealth, was begun by the late Mr. Joseph Paddle and his seven sons. After four generations the firm still comprises eight Paddles, led by managing director Mr. Leslie Paddle.

Generous response

THERE was an immediate response to the story in our issue of July 24, telling of the appeal by the Australian National Committee of the United Nations for the starving children of Europe and Asia.

We had several telephone calls from people wishing to make donations, and received letters from readers containing money which we forwarded to the committee.

One came from an eighty-year-old widow, a pensioner, who said: "It makes one very sad to know there are so many poor children needing our care. I trust the Lord will be with the good work."

She enclosed a pound. Donations for the appeal should be sent to the Treasurer, United Nations Appeal for Children, Box 3083, G.P.O., Sydney.

Young pianist

AUSTRALIA'S brilliant young pianist, Manfred Clynes, caused a minor sensation in musical circles at his first New York recital (writes J. B. Davies from our New York office).

In place of the usual prepared encores, Clynes answered the applause with his own piano improvisations. The response was extraordinary.

"Actually, I did nothing new," said Clynes. "It occurred to me to revive the 18th century art of improvising for the conclusion of a concert. It was a novelty to the audience and they loved it."

This month Clynes will perform at the world-famous Berkshire Music Festival in Massachusetts. Artists appearing at the Berkshire Music Festival do so for art only—they receive no pay. Young Clynes, who must get along on a fellowship grant and money earned from teaching, plans to economise by camping out while the festival is being staged.

The Australian pianist expects to return home in about 18 months.

IT SEEMS TO ME

—by—

Dorothy Drain

IT would be hard to imagine Ophelia's mad scenes better done than by Jean Simmons in the film "Hamlet." Her youth and innocence give the full measure of pathos to the young maid whose wits were "as mortal as an old man's life."

But the sadness of her grieving, crazed little songs didn't register with part of the audience on the afternoon I saw the film, and there were some scattered outbursts of high-pitched giggling.

I assume that those who found Ophelia funny were closely related to two young women I'd encountered on a suburban bus the same week, who were hilariously amused when an unfortunate man on the bus had an epileptic fit.

THE Chicago "Tribune," the paper owned by that dear old British-baiter Colonel McCormick, says New Guinea should be given to the Japanese.

This is a lovely, generous thought of his, and just to show there's no ill-feeling, let's give Alaska to the Russians.

MEN's wedding rings are increasingly popular in the United States, and I've just read a frank little piece in an American magazine which explains how it came about.

The president of the largest company manufacturing wedding rings in the United States wondered how to increase his sales (without the use of shotgun).

He thought up the idea of popularising ring for groom as well as for bride, already a custom in some countries, pushed it in the early part of the war when couples about to be separated were feeling extra sentimental.

Result was that whereas in 1939 only 15 per cent. of weddings boasted a ring for the groom, now 86 per cent. do.

Romantic, isn't it?

THE Mayor of Newtown, N.S.W., was elected recently by drawing a name from a hat. Reason was that three previous meetings of the council called to elect a mayor had lapsed for want of a quorum.

A nation which dearly loves a game of chance might fancy extending this method of electing leaders. It would save a great deal of money and trouble. Elections, instead of being earnest and bitter, would become carnival occasions, with lots of light-hearted wagering on the result.

And, judging by the recriminations which always fall on the heads in power, no greater percentage of citizens would be dissatisfied than under the present system.

AN Australian doctor's wife has imported two Basenji dogs. Because the Basenji does not bark, is small, odorless, and clean, she intends to breed them for flat-dwellers.

An Alsatian Causes consternation In flats.

And the shriek Of a Pekie May drive the neighbors bats.

A terrier Makes life merrier With his larks.

But like the kelpie, He too, so help me, Barks.

With Basenjis You avoid these frenzies



"Honest, I was just practising a few knots when she came along and started jumpin'!"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of the Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island. Intrigued by this new object, he calls to his wife, and the two enormous figures pick up the **Argos** and start for the shore, taking the yacht as a present for their child. A giant hand reaches for Betty. Lothar rushes at it, and is flicked away. Then the "little girl" giant picks up Betty and kisses her as she would kiss a tiny new doll. **NOW READ ON:**

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ The World And His Wife

I DO not know why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's excellent screen version of the successful stage play, "State of the Union," now faces us under the rapid title of "The World and His Wife."

Perhaps studio executives considered that overseas audiences would think the original title suggested trade union problems.

Like the play, the film is a fine drama, with much truth behind its outspoken indictment of modern politics.

Choosing Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy for the leading roles was an inspired bit of casting.

I wish I had seen the stage version, in which Ruth Hussey and Ralph Bellamy won such success, though I doubt whether their work could have been better than that of the two stars we see in the film.

Grey-haired Spencer Tracy reveals in the role of successful business man Grant Matthews, who, after being talked into standing for presidential candidacy, nearly lets all the flappodoodle and flamboyance of his party supporters go to his head.

Only the good sense and devotion of his intelligent wife save him. It is a long time since I have seen Katharine Hepburn in a part which suits her so well.

Her acting has a lovely warmth and understanding, which are worth going miles to see.

Mary Matthews loves her husband, even when their marriage goes off key, but she is human enough to admit her jealousy, and firm-minded enough to take drastic steps to end the discord between them, as well as waking him up to the fact that he is making a fool of himself.

On the other hand, I cannot commend the choice of English actress Angela Lansbury for the role of the other woman.

She makes the part of Kay Thorn-dyke so brittle and icy that it is most difficult to imagine her having any influence over a man of Grant Matthews' type.

Director Frank Capra seems to have decided to abandon the sloppy whimsy of most of his recent films, and for this relief much thanks.

He keeps a firm hand on his cast (apart from Angela Lansbury), and it is surprising to see how Van Johnson succeeds as a press agent who sees through all the chicanery of the publicity, but goes on with his tongue-in-cheek job.

This film is at the Liberty.

★★★ Night Song

EVEN if song-writer Hoagy Carmichael never turned out another winner like his famous "Stardust," his screen acting should keep him in popular favor.

The lean-faced, dryly humorous Hoagy is rapidly getting to the stage in films where he quietly walks off with the honors.

He has a lot to do in RKO's romantic drama "Night Song," and never misses a point.

The stiff competition of stars Dana Andrews and Merle Oberon does not daunt the redoubtable Mr. Carmichael, who is as comfortable to watch as anyone I can think of—including happy-go-lucky Bing.

He provides a badly needed tangy flavor to a sentimental story, and is aided, oddly enough, by veteran dramatic star Ethel Barrymore.

Not for a second could anyone believe the story of the bitter, blinded pianist and the wealthy girl who helps him regain his sight and his self-respect, but there is some unusually good music as a background.

The film is at the Century.



LOTHAR HAS NOT FORGIVEN THE COLOSSUS FOR FLICKING HIM AWAY WITH HIS FINGER, LIKE A BUG. HE SLIPS OVER THE YACHT'S SIDE, AND---



THE COLOSSUS PLUCKS LOTHAR FROM THE GROUND, AMUSED BY THE COURAGE OF THIS VALIANT PIGMY. HIS LAUGHTER RESOUNDS LIKE PEALS OF THUNDER!



MEANWHILE, THE SCENE IS WATCHED BY TWO OTHER COLOSSI! THEY SEE THE SHINY YACHT AND THE TINY PEOPLE--AND DECIDE THAT THEY WANT THEM FOR THEIR OWN!



THEY STATE THEIR DEMANDS--THE YACHT IS THEIRS IF THEY CAN TAKE IT, RETORTS THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS--AND FOR A MOMENT, THE AIR RINGS WITH HEATED ARGUMENT---



THE WIFE AND CHILD OF THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS WATCH FEARFULLY--IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME THESE EVIL NEIGHBORS HAVE TRIED TO STEAL FROM THEM---



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT, MANDRAKE AND HIS FRIENDS WITNESS AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT, GIANTS AS TALL AS OFFICE BUILDINGS, FIGHTING WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS! THE EARTH SHAKES WITH THE BATTLE OF THE COLOSSI!



FINALLY THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS IS OVERCOME BY THE TWO ENEMY GIANTS.



ONE OF THE VICTORIOUS GIANTS SEES THE HEAVY ANCHOR CHAIN OF THE 'ARGOS' AND TUGS IT LOOSE--

TO BE CONTINUED

SIX YEARS' HARD WORK AND £1500 TO MAKE



OUT-PATIENTS' duty is one part of a fifth-year medical student's course. It covers ear, nose, throat, and eye work.



IN THEATRE, senior students gain experience by assisting surgeons, administering anaesthetics.



OPERATIONS must be attended, where students are assisting at right. Surgeon

Hundreds of students will take vacation jobs to pay their way

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

In a few weeks' time, nearly a thousand of the 5000 medical students throughout Australia will be taking vacation jobs to help them pay fees and living expenses on the long journey towards becoming a doctor.

Six years of intensive study of every branch of medicine, including lectures, demonstrations, and practical work in operating theatres, hospital wards, and out-patients' clinics, will lie behind them before the final examination, which will qualify them to earn their own living.

AS well as this, another year or two years must be spent as an intern (junior resident medical officer) attached to a hospital on a wage of £4-£6 a week before these doctors of to-morrow can start getting any return on the money invested in their training.

Typical of the young men and women undergoing this long and costly training for Australia's medical profession is 22-year-old John Saunders, of Canberra, a fifth-year student attached to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

It will have cost John £1500 to obtain the degree of M.B.B.S., giving him the right to put "Dr." before his name, a sum spread over six years and paid partly by his family and relatives, partly by scholarships, and partly by what he has managed to earn doing forestry work of felling, logging, and fire-watching out in the country during his vacations.

The years between 18 and 23, when most young people are earning their living, will have been spent by him at his books or at lectures, so that his whole life, from school age until he enters into practice as a doctor, will have been a preparation for his life's work.

Not that he begrudges any of the leisure time he has had to forfeit because of the study involved.

"Medicine is an absorbing study, exciting at times, and always interesting because it is concerned with people," he says.

He prefers medical to surgical work, wants to be a country doctor, where there is plenty of scope for his interest in people, and hopes that after he has done his term as a junior resident he can get a post as junior partner in a country town.

But he finds that items like fees, books, and instruments, together with the cost of living over that period, make it necessary to scrape and skimp on luxuries, such as tobacco, if he is to live within the budget of £250 a year, which is the most he can allow for the course.

Here are his expenses: University fees £20 a term, books and instruments £150-£200 for the whole course, board £3/10/- a week (covering all meals), and laundry 10/- a week, covering his personal laundry and



LECTURES form most important part of course, in conjunction with text-book study. This is part of fifth-year class at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney; subject is tuberculosis. Most students take full notes.

the white coats which students in senior years must wear for all hospital work.

"You have to budget to take a girl to the pictures once in a while, and I've cut smoking down to three packets of cigarettes a week," he says.

He considers he was fortunate in being admitted to one of the University colleges when he first started his course, as it is handy to the hospital, and eliminates the expense of fares.

University tradition

STUDENTS who live with families or in rooms find that fares to and from the hospital add considerably to their budget.

More important still, in his eyes, is the opportunity college life gives for absorbing University tradition, and living in the midst of student activities.

From the work point of view John finds his day is a full one. For his first three years as a student he was attached to the Old Medical School at Sydney University, attending lectures on Physics, Chemistry, and Zoology, learning the theoretical side of medical work, and mastering the anatomy of worms, frogs, and rabbits, as well as the elements of chemical analysis and physics.

Subjects such as Physiology, Biochemistry, and Anatomy, studied in great detail, made him familiar with the workings of the human body and

prepared him for more advanced years.

When he passed the examination admitting him to fourth year, work was extended to practical medicine, and he became a hospital student.

There he found the value of years of "swotting."

The 180 students in his year, divided into four groups, and a group carries out one kind of hospital work.

In the special summer term of year, which started in January, attended lectures in obstetrics, gynaecology, and his first term, spent in the medicine and gynaecology wards.

He was addressed as "doctor" patients, worked with members of the hospital staff, and with "Dr." in his year was given five cases in the ward, which were his own particular responsibility, under supervision of the honorary.

One of his "patients" was a laborer who worked at a blast furnace, and was suffering from a peptic ulcer. As well as all the details of diagnosis, treatment, and administration, John had to know full history of the man's previous illnesses.

He also had to carry round in his head details of the general history of his patient's family, his average alcohol consumption, how many cigarettes he smoked, and even item in the special diet on which the man was placed.

"This was my first experience of a gastric ulcer, and it was for

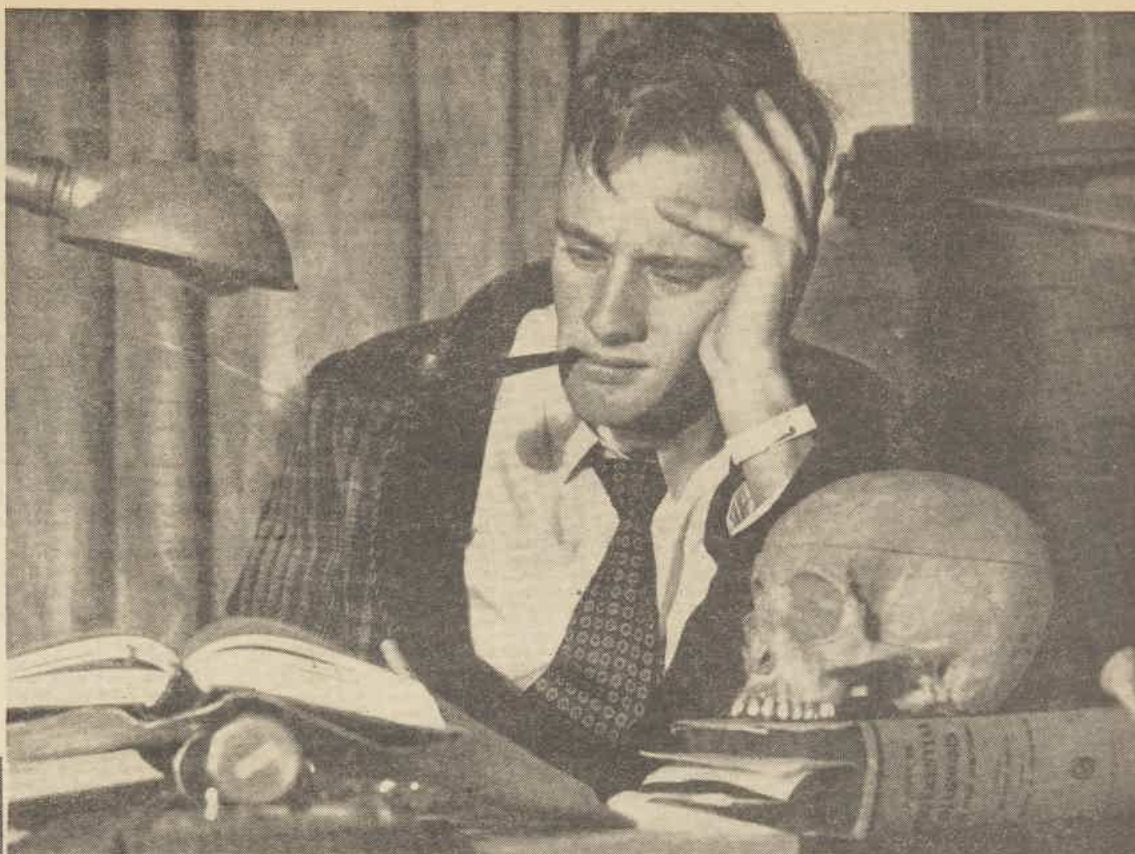


BEDSIDE MANNER is tried out by students during their visits round wards. Next term John will work at children's hospital full time and be allotted five young patients whose cases he must follow. — Pictures by staff photographer ERNEST NUTT.

A DOCTOR



Students scrub up, wear caps and gowns. John soon stands second on left.



MIDNIGHT OIL. For six weeks before exams, students work late into night "swotting." Text-books, skeletons, and instruments help to swell total cost to £1500 by the time John Saunders qualifies next year.



John with Prince take

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RECREATION. A game of bridge with fellow students in his study at Wesley College, Sydney University. College members are keen players, prefer contract to auction bridge.

that strain and anxiety had played an important part in its development," he says.

"His job was a precipitating factor, and he was advised to change over to a more sedentary occupation."

He learned the full importance of a doctor's supervision with another of his patients, a woman diabetic, where all food consumption had to be checked down to the number of slices of bread she was allowed per day, together with her insulin intake.

This term his hospital work consists of surgical and out-patients' duty.

He and other students in his year must scrub up, put on caps and

masks, and assist surgeons and hospital staff during theatre operations.

Above them, on the walls of the students' section of the operating theatre block, is the inscription which has been read by thousands of students before them. "Be serious. Be observant. Be silent. Sympathise with suffering. Respect the Art that heals and mends."

In this phase of his training, also, he is expected to know full details about the patient from admission to hospital, and must follow the operation through every stage.

Well before this stage, in the dissecting-room and laboratory, he has overcome any squeamishness

about the sight of blood, and has learnt that every patient must be treated as an individual to whom the knowledge gained in the whole field of medicine can be applied.

During his course he must also attend 25 post-mortems, carried out by the hospital pathologist, and note the various features of the cases, the findings, and the detailed microscopic examination of organs and tissues.

With a partner he had to conduct at least one post-mortem himself, under supervision of the pathologist.

This took them an hour to do, the body being that of a young man who had died in hospital, and they wrote up the findings that death was caused by a rare disease of the arteries.

Between two and five in the afternoons he works in the out-patients' department—seeing up to 15 patients in busy periods and getting practical experience in ear, nose, throat, and eye work under the guidance of hospital doctors.

Among things he learns, there is

the testing of vision to see whether patients require glasses.

His final term this year will be spent at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Camperdown, where he will again be allotted cases which he must follow through until the patients are discharged.

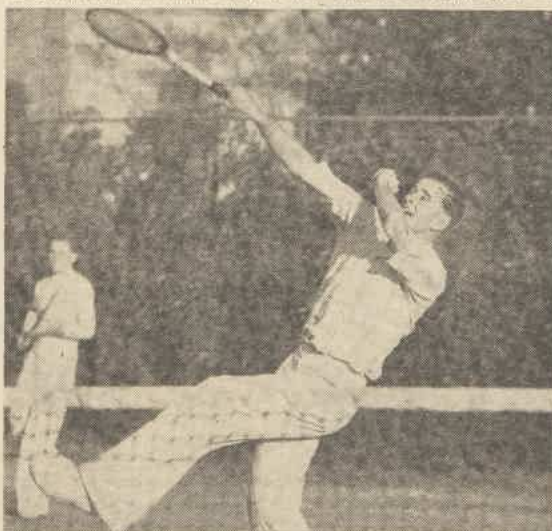
He will be thoroughly examined on every aspect of this work.

In addition to the three-hour written papers he will sit for at the end of the year, he is now working for his "specials" on ear, nose, and throat work, dermatology, and venereal diseases.

These include "rivas," during which doctors from the hospital examine students orally on each subject of the course.

Although he usually works for a few hours every evening in his room at the college, he plans to study till midnight every night for five weeks before the exams, and do a bit of extra "cramming" in the early hours of the last week.

On the lighter side John has managed to keep up a few interests.



OUTDOOR SPORTS are hard to fit in during exacting fifth and sixth years. John has rowed and played tennis for College teams.

He was in the College tennis team until last year, and still tries to get in a game once a week, and rowed for the College in '47.

He plays the organ in the Wesley College chapel, and sang bass in the University Choral Society until last year.

He also enjoys a game of bridge with fellow students between studying.

For the first four years he was on a scholarship of £120 a year, awarded on his Leaving Certificate pass, and which was the deciding factor in his enrolling for medicine. Without it he could not have afforded to take the course. He had to forfeit it last November when he failed in bacteriology, although he passed in the subsequent "post."

He expects to average between £6 and £7 a week working in the pine forest near Canberra this vacation, and this will help cover his fees. The rest of his expenses will be met by relatives, whom he hopes to pay back eventually.

He will have less expense for instruments from now on. Most expensive items were a stethoscope at £2 and a diagnostic set at £10, which he bought himself last year.

By November, 1949, he should know the results of his last examination, and if all goes well should start his duties as junior resident for a year.

Other costs which may have to be faced then are fees if he works for further degrees, and the even greater outlay on buying into a practice.

A number of students are aided by scholarships and bursaries, and, in addition, a percentage of students receive financial assistance from the Commonwealth Government through the Universities Commission every year.

This assistance is based on a merit test (their Leaving Certificate Pass) and a means test of parents' income, and consists of £117 p.a. living at home allowance, plus fees if parents' income is less than £250. A graduated scale of benefits operates between £250 and £550, the limit for eligibility under the means test.

There is no doubt John will be happy in his life's work. Had he been unsuited his lecturers would have found out years ago.

Nor will he regret the sacrifice in time and money necessary to achieve this ambition.

It was just an hour later when the Carroway, dead on for the bearings, slammed at nine knots on to a sandbar. The mate had the engine reversed as soon as he could get away from his bottle and out on the bridge, and Captain Daniels came up swearing blue murder.

"Oh, she'll pull off," said the mate shakily, jamming the telegraph up and down again. "I don't know what's wrong. I held the range marks in line all the way. Anyhow, it's only sand and she ought to drag out."

"She ought to drag out!" roared Daniels. "Is that all you can say?" He swore violently. "Sure, it's only a submerged sandbank, and no stickier than glue. And if our forward plates are buckled..."

He stopped suddenly as the heavy engine-room thump growled and shuddered to a halt and he felt the Carroway start to settle. The engine-room speaking tube whistled and he jumped for it, his face livid.

"Someone's been monkeying down here," came the chief's sour voice. "Shaft bearing's running hot. Maybe sand or emery powder."

"Never mind, get her going," Daniels ordered. "We can't stick here for the high tide rip to work on. I tell you..."

"Ain't no use," said the chief dryly. "We're coming up. Water's coming over the plates already. She's opened up like a sardine can."

"Water?" said the astonished Daniels. "Coming in aft? But we struck forward. She never even touched aft."

"I been telling you we needed a good dry-dock job for the past two years," stated the chief with a touch of exasperation. "How much d'you think rotten plates'll stand? Be seeing you."

Continuing... A Shift of Cargo

from page 5

He plugged the tube and Daniels swung cursing back to his first mate, who was gaping foolishly and still moving the useless telegraph up and down. Chalmers, the third mate, came on the bridge with a dripping sounding line in his hands.

"Took a drop soon's I felt her strike," he explained shortly. "There's six inches forward already and fourteen aft and the way it's coming in we'll all be down to bottom in an hour."

The captain swallowed and took hold of himself. "Try a cast overboard," he managed awkwardly. "It's pretty shallow and she'll maybe settle safe while we fix her and get off."

Chalmers shook his head and looked worried. "She'll sit solid all right, sir, with about a fathom of freeboard. But this is low tide. The rise..."

"All right!" snapped Daniels. "It's twelve feet or more. Get the boats swung out and provisioned until we can see." He turned as Mr. Anderson came up.

"Is it serious?" Mr. Anderson wanted to know. "Where can we go?"

"Back to the coast, if we can make it," snarled Daniels. "I've got to round up a salvage ship and some gear—I wait a minute." The mate was plucking at his arm and pointing. Round the point that hid the second "reach" of the channel was coming a trim steamer glistening and clean-looking and riding high in ballast.

"That's a bit of luck," Daniels chuckled. "Bound back to the coast at that. We'll get a ride—and you," he glared at the ashen-faced mate, "can stay and live on the bridge here till I get back, so the ship's not legally abandoned."

The mate swallowed and said nothing, but Mr. Anderson went almost into a frenzy. "Are you mad?" he demanded. "I can't go back. I'd better stay here with the mate. That ship might be anything."

"I wouldn't leave you here, Anderson," he said shortly. "You're safe back on the coast and you're sticking with me until we pay off. Savvy? So get your gear ready. That ship's flying the Portuguese flag. Hoist a distress signal, mister."

The mate shakily hoisted the signal and the strange ship drew cautiously in. Her name, in bold white letters on her bow, was the Juanita, and on her bridge a bulky, thick-necked man with a scrub moustache and wearing a white-topped master's cap leaned over the rail.

"You'll be in trouble there," he roared. "Wanting to come aboard? Be in port to-morrow, though, and I'll report you then, but you look in bad shape for the tide."

Daniels cupped his hand and roared back. "We'll take a lift. Stand by! Thought you was Portuguese." The American twang had puzzled him.

"Just registry. Got a mixed crew. Why?"

"Just asking. Let your gangway down, mister."

He piled the crew in the boats, urged the fearful Anderson into one, along with his heavy suitcase, and turned for a last word at his mate.

"All right! You're in charge. And stay sober until I get back, you rat! I'll take it up with you later about piling us so handy!"

Most of the Carroway's crew were already scrambling up the Juanita's

gangway when Captain Daniels pulled alongside. He pushed Mr. Anderson and his suitcase ahead of him, and they came up to the Juanita's maindeck, with Chalmers just behind.

The bulky, thick-necked captain stepped forward to greet them. "Captain Saunders," he announced heartily. "Glad to see you, sir."

"Name's Daniels of the Carroway, bound for Greece," said Daniels, shaking hands. He felt a little uneasy for some reason. His own men were already being ushered forward by members of the Juanita's crew, and there was something vaguely familiar about the ship and the officers who stood behind Captain Saunders. Daniels bit his lip. He must be getting jumpy.

"This is my passenger, Mr. Anderson," he said, waving at the pudgy, dark-glassed man beside him, and Mr. Anderson coughed, transferred his suitcase securely to his other hand and put his right out to shake.

What happened then was rather startling. Captain Saunders had not yet fully relinquished Captain Daniels' hand, and now by some magic he also drew Mr. Anderson's into his fold. There was a glint of steel and a sharp click-click and Mr. Anderson screamed.

"You fool! I knew there was something funny! I should have stayed on the wreck!"

Captain Daniels looked unbelievably down at his one wrist handcuffed to Mr. Anderson's. "What's this?" he demanded. "Piracy on the high seas?" Captain Saunders, I demand—

The other man said flatly. "Shut up!" He took off his cap and handed it to another man who had just come out of the nearby saloon door, smiling twistedly.

"I was just captain long enough to get you aboard," said Saunders blandly. "Nice to have found you, too, 'King' Carroll. You're under arrest, and if you want to know what for it'll take me an hour to list the charges."

"Nice work, Saunders," said Captain Larkin, putting the master's cap on his head where it belonged. "You'd have made a good actor. Surprised at you, Daniels! I figured I'd have to try a couple of other dodges before I pulled this one."

"So it's you, Larkin. I might have guessed something was in the wind when you docked in port back there a day behind me. Tracking me around, eh? Can't your kid brother handle his own beefs?"

"I did," said Mr. Chalmers, stepping forward and giving a smile almost as twisted as his brother's. "I've been third mate with you for a year, using some forged papers, and just been waiting for this chance. You know it was funny, you never caught on I was Jim Larkin."

"O.K., Chalmers fooled me and I'll remember that. But what's the idea of taking me in? And taking in Anderson? This ain't an American ship."

"Your error," said Larkin, amused. "If you look aft you'll see the American ensign flying now. The Portuguese flag was just a mistake on the part of a dumb second mate I've got. I gave the old crate a new coat of paint and new name because I felt she'd like it."

Daniels shrugged. "O.K. You got Anderson, but I figure I got all I can out of him. Now just get this cuff off me, because I'm not stuck on any job outside American law."

"That's a very bad mistake," put in Mr. Saunders seriously, taking two papers from his pocket. "I have here a warrant for Mr. Anderson, or rather Mr. Carroll, and also one cabled me specially to take you for aiding and abetting a wanted criminal to escape and for one or two other things Washington feels it would like to question you about. So I'm afraid we'll all be together until we get to New York."

Captain Larkin told his men to take the pair below and lock them in.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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MR. SAUNDERS gave a sigh of relief. "Well, you put it over, skipper," he conceded. "But I still don't quite get it. You said yourself the Carroway would only run on a sandbank and might easily pull clear."

The captain nodded and put a hand on his younger brother's shoulder. "We had Jim working for us too. He was the man I had to see before we went to the consul's to get your papers checked. Jim tied up the engine when they needed it most—though that was just an added precaution, as he'd already opened the sea-cocks. The only way the Carroway had to go was down!"

"Nice co-operation," the investigator conceded. "Now all we need is to catch the mailboat north so I can unload my own cargo."

"Just one other thing," said Captain Larkin blandly. "I said once I didn't need that extra two grand for pulling this deal. My error. Just hand it to Jim here. He'll have to find himself another vessel and make a fresh start."

Saunders grinned. "Sure enough, skipper. I know now how it feels to be a skipper myself. Held your bridge down for two solid hours. Wait'll I tell the boys... But what happens to the Carroway?"

"Why, she'll be refloated, of course. I'm sending a boat over to inform her first mate his captain's under arrest so he might as well quit and I've lots of good whisky on board, so he probably won't think twice. That'll make the Carroway officially abandoned and fair game."

"Then I'm lying off the coast long enough to get Jim ashore so he can find a crew and charter a salvage vessel. After all, Daniels won't be needing a ship himself for a long time!"

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Coloureds washed in
Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS

A garden bed of sweet-peas is no brighter than a line of coloureds washed in Rinso. Even tricky pastel pinks and blues pop out of those suds fresh as a spring morning. Coloureds for the copper or the tub... undies... stockings... woollies... you can trust them all to Rinso because its suds are so thick and rich. Without an ounce of rub and scrub, Rinso gives a wash that's as bright as a wash can be!



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It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on a soft cloth...



VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the porcelain



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...

There's a wealth of comfort in knowing that you have 'ASPRO' in the home, ready at the instant someone in the household needs it. No home can afford to be without 'ASPRO'. At this time of the year particularly, 'ASPRO' can be of untold value, saving loss of time and money from lying up with colds.

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THE WORLD'S MASTER MEDICINE for

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'ASPRO' makes a splendid gargle, or can be used with honey when sore throats are about. It is a never failing relief for rheumatic pain, feverishness, toothache, neuralgia and headaches. The wise mother is never without 'ASPRO' in the home.

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Nicholas Product



SPECTATORS. Mrs. Waddy Pockley (left), Ivor Walker, Mrs. Stanley Thompson, and Douglas Rankin-Reid watching Dr. Pockley and Mr. Thompson play polo-crosse for Burradoo at Ingleburn.



POLOCROSSE. Bill Day, who played for Camden, and his fiancée, Kath Haseler, and Ninian Thompson watching matches at all-day picnic at Ingleburn, when eight New South Wales teams competed for O'Shea Cup.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Paul Johnstone, of Armidale, and his pretty bride, formerly Rosemary Nivison, daughter of Mrs. F. W. Nivison, of Yalgoo, Walcha, and late Mr. Nivison, leave St. Mark's. Paul is son of the J. L. G. Johnstones, Ulloola, Armidale.

Intimate Greetings

GR**EAT** revival of polo enthusiasm in north and north-west. Quirindi, which before the war was noted for great polo doings, holds first postwar carnival with eight teams competing.

Local hotels are packed out for event, and Polo Ball is held in Showground Pavilion.

Teams are: Tallyho (from Spring Ridge), Tamarang (Bundella), two from Scotch, one from Muswellbrook, one team from Quirindi, and one mixed team.

Tamarangs are Jack Cadell, of "Merrioola;" John Powell, of Myall Park; Jim Traill, of "Coomoocoomoo;" and Ron Campbell, of "Rock Gedgel." All are bachelors except Jim Traill, who brings along his wife Pam.

Four bachelors in Quirindi's team. They are Bruce McDonald, of "Redbraes;" Quirindi; Bob Cross, of "Carinya;" Jim and Peter Cudmore, of "Claremont."

Tallyho team players are Colin Simson, of Howes Hill, who brings wife, Mary; Malcolm McPherson, of "Cooine;" Bob Ranken, of "Tribella;" Tom Capp, of "Goran Lake;" Norman Simson, of "Nowley;" Malcolm's wife Annabelle, Tom's wife Pat, and Norman's wife Noel attend carnival.

SQ**UARE** ruby engagement ring surrounded by small rubies is being worn by Margaret Brownhill, of Beaudesert, Mudgee, who announces engagement to popular Binks Mack, son of the Murgha Macks, of Ningawalla, Narrongine. Margaret and Binks announced engagement at Wellington Polo Ball.

LU**NCHING** at Romano's with Betty Smith, of Melbourne, Mrs. Frank Jolley, who before her recent marriage was Pamela Ward, looked smart in nigger-brown suit with collar and pockets of watermole. Pam added a small toque of the same material as her suit. She and Frank are settling into their flat at Double Bay.



FAMILY LUNCHEON. Dr. and Mrs. Tom Baleman (right) lunch at the Pickwick Club with Mrs. Baleman's sister, Gwen, and her husband, Dr. Michael FitzPatrick. Gwen and Michael, who were recently married in England, are guests of Gwen's parents, the Greg McGirr, of North Sydney.



SILVER SARI wedding gown worn by pretty bride, Mrs. Allan Inglis, who leaves St. Mary's Cathedral with her husband. Bridesmaid Phil Loneragan, and best man Syd Evans. Bride formerly Mollie Oxenham. Allan, who comes from Witches, Muswellbrook, is son of the Clive Inglis.

BE**FORE** leaving for a flying trip to Cairns, Melbourne, Adelaide, and New Zealand with her husband, Mrs. Robert Kelso is entertained at afternoon tea at Prince's by her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. E. Bartropp. Occasion is also for Mrs. Kelso to renew friendship with Dr. Corrie Saunders, whom she had not met for some years. When they come back from holiday the Kelsoes will prepare for their return to their home in Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Bartropp are caring for the Kelso's three young sons, Derek, Brian, and David.

FI**FTY** guests entertained by Mrs. Alan Proudford at her Gordon home when inaugural meeting of North Shore branch of Flying Doctor auxiliary is held there. Guest of honor is Elizabeth Northcott, who is accompanied by Sheila Collett. Mrs. Proudford's two-year-old daughter Elizabeth presents bouquet to Elizabeth Northcott.

BR**IEFLY:** Sydney University Liberal Club holds its first cocktail party in the Holme and Sutherland Rooms at University Union. Occasion is first party to be held in rooms, which were recently built. Mrs. Edgar Barnett, formerly Joan Hawkins, of Randwick, busy each day with shopping for furnishings for her new home, which will be at Wallaby, Hay. Edgar is home now, as it's shearing-time, and Joan will join him on September 16. Betty Loneragan and fiancé, Reg Wright, dine at Carlton Hotel and so on to "John Loves Mary" at Theatre Royal when they announce engagement. Betty is younger daughter of Mrs. C. A. Loneragan, of Bathurst, and of the late Mr. John Loneragan. Back from honeymoon at Barrier Reef, Bob and Fay Logan settle into home at Narrabri. Fay formerly Fay Barlow, only daughter of the Roy Barlows, of Narrongine.

HO**PING** to be married in the spring are Lee Callahan and Simon Agnew. Shopping for the wedding ring is already accomplished, and as Lee dislikes rings she has dispensed with the usual engagement ring, and Simon presented her with a sapphire and pearl bracelet. Her wedding ring is a thin platinum and diamond circlet. Lee is daughter of the Reg Callahans, of Wahroonga, and Simon, who is stationed with the Army at Dubbo, is son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rupert Agnew, of Wahroonga.

DA**TES** for your Diary: Annual Ball of Federation of New South Wales Police-Citizens Boys' Clubs to be held at Trocadero, August 10. Sydney Hospital Ball to be held at Wentworth Ballroom on August 11. Australian Consolidated Industries Staff Club Ball to be held at Trocadero on August 12 in aid of Spastic Centre, Mosman. The Council of 8th Div's Third Annual Ball to be held at Grace Auditorium on August 12.



HOME AGAIN. Dr. Joan Redshaw, who has been in England for past two years, lunches at Prince's with Keen Grey (left) and Captain A. E. G. Strong. Joan, who was doctor on the Orontes, was first woman doctor to be signed on by Orient Company.



RECEPTION. Webster Booth offers his wife Anne Ziegler, an appetizing savory at reception given in their honor in Gloucester Room of Australia Hotel. Anne and Webster, English singers, will give concerts at Town Hall this Wednesday, Saturday (matinee), Tuesday, August 17, Thursday, August 19, and Saturday, August 21.

WATCHMAKER

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who
me?

Yes!
you young lady...

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If you are not interested in wedding bells, plan for pleasure; for the joys of travel; for early retirement from business; for a life of comfort and contentment. Realise that freedom from want and worry are your greatest blessings. Brighten your future and further your plans with an account in the Commonwealth Savings Bank.

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oil base that colours permanently. Easy,
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Napro HAIR DYE

AT CHEMISTS, SALONS AND STORES



**HEARNE'S
FOR BRONCHITIS
TICKLING COUGH?**

Tackle the tickle
with a trickle
of HEARNE'S

COUGHS & COLDS



1 AT MISSION HOME, official Lucy Glover (Margaret Lockwood) hears tragic story of rebellious newcomer Lottie (Joan Greenwood). Lucy recalls story of her own domestic troubles in earlier years.

The White Unicorn



3 ROMANCE between Lucy and Dick Glover (Dennis Price) begins at costume ball. After many quarrels with Philip about their daughter's upbringing, Lucy divorces him and marries Dick.



2 FIRST MARRIAGE of Lucy to staid barrister Philip (Ian Hunter) is unhappy though they have a daughter, Norey, and no financial difficulties.

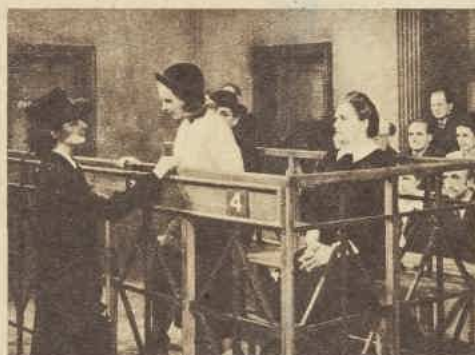
SIXTEEN changes of dress are worn by Margaret Lockwood in her latest modern drama produced for the J. Arthur Bank organisation.

The frocks range from a wedding gown of white satin, hand embroidered in pearls, to a severe tailored suit which the star wears as a welfare worker in a home for delinquent girls.

Two leading men, Dennis Price and Ian Hunter, play opposite Margaret Lockwood.



4 TRAGEDY comes to Lucy and Dick on their honeymoon in Finland when Dick is killed while they are ski-ing and Lucy nearly loses her own life.



5 WELFARE WORK is started by Lucy to help her forget tragedy. After meeting delinquent Lottie, who is on attempted suicide and murder charges, Lucy's interest results in acquittal for Lottie, who has been victimised.



6 AT THE TRIAL, Philip, now a judge, persuades Lucy to re-marry him so that they can share in upbringing of their daughter.

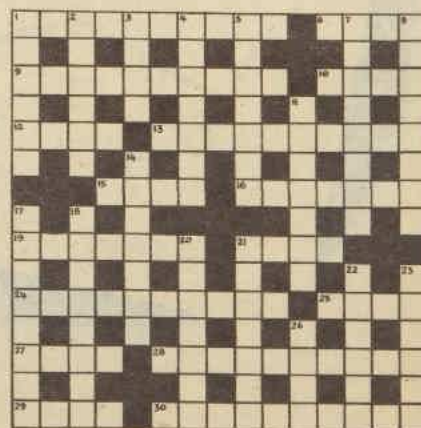
CROSSWORD No. 2

ACROSS

1. Could describe a modern gadget for a fresh tooth in front (10).
2. Desire (4).
3. An incessant talker to see the headgear merchant fight (10).
4. The chaotic link in brick-making (4).
5. One married and feared (4).
6. A person distinguished, but not for skill (10).
7. Often placed on the lips of a 28 down by her mother, Madame X? (4).
8. Does blunder ten mean to flow from the pot? (7).
9. Sly, sideling look that makes us feel back (4).
10. To tile a door set about to sell and finish broke fast (10).
11. The drink we take in between (4).
12. Set down and wagered that the young fellow has one in him (4).
13. Lawful supporter takes it to one friend (10).
14. Ova (4).
15. Man's sense (snag) (10).
16. Apart (7).

DOWN

1. Connect armed centre and what it down collects (8).
2. We affirm that he is a man of the cloth (6).
3. One of the degrees of bachelors (4).
4. Schemo, Buryale, and Medusa are between goes, hens man leaves (7).
5. To call up spirits of the dead, ought pass be let in the night before (11).
6. Like an enemy found in, I'm one to see young Albert (8).
7. Insect to sharpen up by, with ease (5, 3).
8. The part of a misqu shore, if met outside, a
9. Hani will turn in (7).
10. The family of a benevolent Communist (7).
11. When sick inside flour and water makes a soothing confection (9).
12. Hurry up and throw the infant (8).
13. Waves green smoothers (7).
14. Root room in the French network of bars (7).
15. Outburst of abuse by one in commerce (6).
16. Newly happened concerning a small coin in the U.S.A. (6).
17. Oh! we should fall to sit (4).



Prizes of £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark your envelope Crossword No. 2 and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries for crossword No. 2 will close August 22, prizes announced and solution given on September 11.

A Treasure Box of flavours!

This $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. box of MacRobertson's "OLD GOLD" Chocolates is chock-full of delicious taste sensations. Two layers . . . no less than twelve delectable varieties, such as "Mandarin Cream," "Butter Crunch," "French Nougat," "Crunch Foam," "Cherry Ripe Square" . . . and every variety is lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD" Chocolate, the smoothest, richest-tasting chocolate of all. Ask for "OLD GOLD" Chocolates in the $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. box.



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Gone!

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was the cause...
something which
S.R. Toothpaste
might have prevented

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S.R. TOOTHPASTE
HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS
NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR 25, 1429

A Kiss in Time

Continued from page 11

WHEN the concert ended, Gerry abruptly turned to Mitch with a very brief smile. "Will you have supper with us?" he asked. "Thanks," assented Mitch in some bewilderment. Just the opportunity to give me the once over, he thought.

Determinedly, he turned to Beth. "Why were you interested in my tie-up with advertising?" he asked her abruptly.

"There's a set of drawings I did once," she said, "and I thought maybe you'd tell me if they'd be any good commercially."

Gerry touched her hand and her look flashed back to him. Gerry was smiling at her but he shook his head. "Beth, are you going to bump your knees again?" he asked her gently. "You said that was all finished."

"I know, I know," Beth admitted hastily. "I didn't mention the drawings before."

"After all," Gerry said, "you promised, Beth. You promised to give up this amateur fooling with art."

Beth nodded. "I know." Mitch considered that word promise. It seemed to him that Gerry was pressing a technicality.

He said aloud, "When you find you've made a false promise you can break it with honor."

Gerry leaned across the table. "Do you always come tramping into people's conversations?" he demanded of Mitch.

"A little talk goes with supper, doesn't it?" Mitch retorted.

"Not your kind of talk," Gerry said.

Mitch said swiftly, "My kind of talk is Beth's kind of talk." And he caught the flicker in Gerry's eyes. He pressed the advantage. "You aren't paying any attention to what Beth really wants."

Gerry's jaw set. "I was fool enough to ask you to come in here, so I can't kick. But let me tell you this—Beth's happiness is my business, just as taking care of her is my business."

Mitch looked at Beth for one glimmer of reassurance and immediately sagged with a dull defeat.

She was smiling steadfastly at Gerry, she and Gerry were looking at each other and Mitch was shut out. He rose abruptly.

"It's been enlightening to meet you," he told Gerry. "Thanks for the supper."

He told himself he was licked, all the way to the station and most of the way home on the train. Each time he woke up during the long night he reminded himself that he'd better forget Beth.

So it was with some surprise that at ten o'clock the next morning he found himself standing in the street staring up at the building that contained her studio.

As he happened to be in her vicinity it would be only polite to say hello. And he wouldn't mind taking a look at those drawings of hers. If they were no good, then Gerry was all right and playing straight with Beth.

Beth wasn't in, but a generous tip to the janitor admitted him to her studio. It interested him considerably. Neat and workmanlike, it was happily free of lush furniture and curtains. A line of drawings was tacked on the wall where they caught the light.

He saw the first drawing and stood quite still. He moved on to the second and swore softly and joyously. All his fears died.

She was good. She had a bold free flow of line and when she got hold of a pencil the pencil talked.

Taking down a careful selection of drawings, he wrapped them in brown paper and left a large note propped up in their place.

"I've swiped some pics," the note said. "You positively can't marry him, my darling."

Some hours and several interviews later, Mitch headed back for Beth's studio. He was hourse from sales

charts, he was wrung dry of enthusiasm, but he was content. He had an opening for Beth. The rest would be up to Gerry.

The same janitor told him again that Beth was not in. Oh, yes, she'd been there. And if this was Mr. Phelps, there was a note.

"Keep the pics," said Beth's note. "I won't need them. I'm meeting Gerry to plan our wedding."

Mitch crumpled the paper savagely. Why hadn't she said where she was meeting Gerry? He swore, then thought of the supper the night before. They always went there. Beth had said.

Mitch saw Beth and Gerry as soon as he entered the dining-room. He sauntered over to their table.

"Good evening," he said. Gerry rose with weary courtesy. "Again?" he said.

"Bearing gifts," said Mitch. He invited himself to sit down. Placing the bundle of drawings in front of Beth, he handed her a paper that was signed by the representative of one of the city's largest department stores.

Gerry leaned over to read the paper, too. And Mitch summarised rapidly.

"They're offering you a contract for a year's work, Beth," he said.

Everything about her seemed to shimmer, there was so much happiness in her face.

"That's great, Beth," Gerry said suddenly. "It sounds wonderful."

"You don't mind, Gerry?" Beth asked hesitatingly.

"Not at all. I'm delighted," Gerry said, then his face fell.

"It's only—" "Only what?" Beth prompted.

"I don't want you to count on this and then get disappointed once more," he said.

"There's no chance of that," Mitch said quickly.

Gerry ignored him, turned to Beth, and caught her hands. "You know how it's been, Beth," he told her. "You'll start up all full of hopes—and fail. I won't let you get hurt, Beth."

Mitch said savagely to Gerry, "So you're afraid. You're afraid to let her find out how good she is. You're afraid to let her grow up."

"You're crazy," said Gerry.

"Last night you said that Beth's happiness was your business and that you'd take care of it," Mitch reminded him. "Well, you lied. You don't give a hang for Beth's happiness. You know if she finds a footing in her work, with her own kind of people, you'll lose her. You know she doesn't love you."

Gerry stood up. "You meddling—" "Fireworks won't help," Mitch cut in. "Try being honest. You knew Beth's work was good all along, didn't you?"

Beth stood up too. She looked at Gerry as if she was trying to remember someone she once knew. "Well?" she said. "Did you?"

"I hoped it wasn't good," Gerry said at length. He reached for his dignity and regained it. "We don't add up, you and I, Beth," he said. "What I've got is no use to you. But—" He turned savagely to Mitch. "But you didn't have to use dynamite."

He bowed to Beth with that startling old-world ease of his. Then he was walking swiftly out of the restaurant.

Mitch glanced at Beth's face. "Is your heart in little pieces?" he asked.

"I don't know," Beth said. "Nothing hurts yet."

"You can always marry me," Mitch reminded her casually.

Beth looked at him. "You said I wasn't grown up yet, Mitch."

"There's plenty of time," said Mitch.

"Yes?" said Beth. She touched his hand, and their fingers gripped together. "I think I'm grown up now," she said.

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It's easy to get relief



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For exceptionally stubborn conditions, use Mistol with Ephedrine.



M.3.8

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SEND your order for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 328A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth; Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



Dress Sense by Betty Keep

HOW to adapt the new fashions for a business woman in her forties and for a girl with a heavy matronly figure is discussed in answers to readers' questions this week.

"AS a business woman in the middle forties I am seeking your opinion on the new fashions for my age group. I am not the type who is determined to be young at all costs, but I have my appearance and my career to consider and like to get the best out of what's going in fashion."

You are apparently one of those women who move with the times. Many women drift into premature old age bemoaning the passing of youth and yet doing nothing about it. Whatever your age group, to get the best out of fashion you must study it and adapt the most suitable fashions to your own figure proportions and mode of living. Fortunately even in a style as defined as to-day's there is always an alternative. You can, for instance, be equally fashion right and wear a wide or slim skirt, a high or low neckline, and adjust your hemline within an inch or two, in proportion to the length of your legs.

Fur fashions

"MY fur coat, which I have had for some years, looks rather close-fitting and old-fashioned, and I am thinking of buying something new and smart. Is there a 'new look' in furs or is it only for suits and dresses? I have rather a fancy for a fox-fur jacket. Would this be correct for afternoon and evening fashions?"

The new silhouette pervades every category of fashion, including furs. Fur coats, and jackets, too, are rounder in cut and bulkier. All are voluminous, but they need not be full-length (a blessing for the woman who is adapting old furs). A bulky jacket of fox, buttonless and collarless, would be new and chic, especially worn with afternoon and evening fashions.

Heavy figure

"ALTHOUGH I am a young woman with a very heavy matronly figure, I have decided to seek your advice about my winter outfit. I have a 42in. bust measurement, 30in. waist, and 44in. hips. I have bought 5yds. of 54in. navy-blue wool and 12yds. of very narrow braid to match. Do you think the material would be best made into a one-piece or two-piece outfit, and what length will I make the skirt? The outfit is for best and I want something rather smart."

I advise a two-piece made with a collarless side-tie jacket and an

TWO-PIECE suitable for a young woman whose figure is matronly. It has an eight-gore skirt and side-tie jacket.

eight-gore skirt with gentle easy-to-wear fullness. Have the narrow braid, worked in swirls to represent embroidery, outlining the neck and jacket fronts and finishing just below the waistline to break the overall heaviness of a matronly figure. Have the skirt approximately 13in. from the ground. This is a good length for day wear, but can be varied a little, according to your own personal taste.

Luxury
BESIDE YOUR BED —

"cindrella"
MOHAIR FLOOR RUGS



Soft depth of luxurious mohair pile for your feet; — long years of protection for your carpet or polished floor — the charm and warmth of a rich colour (there are 15 "cindrella" colours) for your bedroom . . . Choose your "cindrella" at any good furnishing store.

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Energy and vigour . . .
come from ENO!



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
REFRESHING . . . AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH

DANDRUFF Defeated!

Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "digs" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/3 Cake. All Chemists.

POTTERS DANDRUFF SOAP

KIDNEYS MUST CLEAN OUT ACIDS

Your body cleans out venous Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 3 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Oresels under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription, Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Bristol) today. The Guaranteed protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/6, 8/6. Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

DON'T ENVY THIS PICTURE OF *Youth*



Get that famous Kruschen feeling and shake ten years off your age

Just because you are over 35 there is no reason to imagine you have grown old. You are only as old as you feel. Very often the cause of your trouble can be traced to faulty elimination—to constipation. You see, when your system fails to function regularly, poisons and waste matters accumulate. Your health is affected. It doesn't seem very serious at first . . . but eventually you realise that you have grown old . . . much older than you really are. And you wonder why. But you'll be surprised to learn how well you can feel when you get "that famous Kruschen feeling."

What Kruschen does

Just a little daily dose of Kruschen—enough to cover a sixpence (it's tasteless in your morning cup of tea)—will help to rid your system of clogging poisonous accumulated waste matter and do much to sweeten and purify the bloodstream. This little habit each morning is well worth while. You'll feel more alert, bright of eye and light of heart. You'll have that famous Kruschen feeling.

The Medicinal Dose

If you suffer from RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, ACHING JOINTS or SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS—start every day with a medicinal dose of Kruschen. No more than a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water. The six different salts in Kruschen act directly on the cause of these complaints—the accumulated toxic wastes and poisons in your system. In no time at all your bloodstream will be clean and sweet and you'll feel better than you have for years.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

get that famous Kruschen feeling!

2/9 a bottle
at chemists
and stores

**A Wellner
MODEL**



Sophisticated
"New Length"
two-piece
afternoon
frock in
Wondoflex
Wool
Boucle

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WONDOFLEX

Wellner Creations
in Wondoflex from
all Leading Suits
and Fashion Houses

lock yourself in his heart
with both hands



Hold out lovely, soft hands,
hands to invite his glad
surrender, hands protected
with creamy, beautifying Hinds
now specially enriched with
lanolin.

Hinds
Honey and Almond
cream
Two handy sizes—everywhere

Happy Days for
BABY



Teething time has no anxieties for
the Mother who keeps Ashton &
Parsons' Infants' Powders always
on hand. They do away with all
the miseries of teething time—
keep baby in fine fettle instead of
fretting. They are cooling, com-
forting, and promote regular, easy
motions, and are absolutely safe.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6
**Ashton & Parsons'
INFANTS' POWDERS**

WALKING IN BEAUTY

By
CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty
Expert



CHECK up on
foot health and
beauty before the
warmer weather
comes.

Healthy, well-shaped feet are
good-looking feet, and good-looking
feet can often become pretty feet,
with a bit of pampering and pedi-
curing.

Long-range beauty treatment for
feet is a weekly pedicure. Here is
a streamlined version for home use:

Clip the toenails straight across,
without curve or point, just below
the tip of the toe.

Toenails are there to protect the
toes, but when cut too short, they
cannot do their job, and a painful
corn is apt to grow at the tip of
the toe. When they are too long,
on the other hand, injury can also
result from stubbing the toe, and
pushing the nail back against its
root, particularly the nail on the
big toe.

When the nails are nicely pared,
go over each with a file, or emery
board, to smooth off rough spots,
even if only to save snagging stock-
ings.

After the bath, or after bathing
the feet, dip a cotton-wool-tipped
orange-stick in cuticle remover and
do every nail, pushing back the
cuticle gently and cleaning well
under the nails. Then clip away
any remaining
fragments and
push back the
cuticle again.

Finally let cold water run over
each foot a moment before drying
it. Hold it under the bath tap if
you can—the shock of the cold
water has a wonderfully stimulating
action.

Dry thoroughly, and, if you wish,
rub the feet with a mentholated
cream.

For an extra fillip, liquid polish
on the nails makes the feet seem
whiter and prettier, and it shows
off a good suntan, too, but only if
the toes are pretty enough to have
attention drawn to them.

Before the paint job, tuck cotton-
wool in between each toe so the
polish won't smear; and use very
little on the brush, otherwise it
will well over the edges. Make sure
the lacquer is thoroughly dry before
removing the cotton-wool wads.

Consult a chiropodist occasion-
ally, too, without waiting for a foot
problem to prod you into it. One
of the most soothing and generally
relaxing of beauty treatments, a
foot creaming and massage by an
expert, sends you away with a walk-
ing-on-air feeling and a facial ex-
pression to match that lasts for days.

For anyone who must remain on

EASY, graceful
walking de-
mands foot
health and
care. Here are
some simple treat-
ments for the
feet, to wake up
the circulation
and put new life
in their step.

her feet for long stretches, in the
house or out of it, warm weather
can be most trying. Shoes "full of
feet" that are hot, painful, and
puffy respond to a few weeks' pre-
hot weather attention.

The use of a friction brush or
sponge on the feet in the daily bath
will stimulate the circulation. Mas-
sage, on the soles and between the
toes especially, with alcohol, witch
hazel, toilet water, or even baby oil
or hand lotion is a fine daily home
treatment.

Tired feet love a hot and cold
bath. Attach a tube spray to your
bathtub cold and hot water taps if
your bath is so equipped, and spray
the feet and legs
with water that
is quite warm.

Then use water
that is quite cold.
Repeat
this—alternately warm and cold—
six or eight times.

An alternative is to plunge the
feet into hot water, then cold.

Then a dash of alcohol, careful
drying and a dusting of bath pow-
der for the comforting finale.

Resting for ten or fifteen minutes
afterwards, feet and legs elevated
so that the blood runs to the head,
will help to ensure an enjoyable
night's dancing.

There should not, of course, be
any attempt at home surgery on
calluses or corns. Corn
plasters may be used, and constant,
gentle application of pumice stone
and bath brush during tubbing—
plus release from pressure—will
wear down stubborn thicknesses of
skin.

Another treatment is soaking the
feet in hot water, in which washing
soda has been dissolved, for ten
minutes, then drying thoroughly and
applying the dry pumice block,
wielded in a series of tiny circles for
a few minutes.

Final step is to rub in a little
cream, which will further smooth
and soften the skin.

**THE
SOLYPTOL
WAY IS THE
HAPPY WAY!**



And that's good ad-
vice for all mothers.

Keep Baby's skin cool and
smooth and you keep him
happy. Dust superfine

SOLYPTOL Baby Powder into his
chubby folds when you bath or
change him, and prevent moisture
rash, chafing and redness. Use it



yourself, too, and don't forget those
other important Bathroom neces-
sities... Solypol Soap... Solypol
Shampoo... Solypol Antiseptic.

Solypol
Baby Powder

Remember... "If it's FAULDING'S — It's Pure!"

**Don't ruin your looks
by soaping your hair!**

SOAP IS GOOD FOR CLOTHES—BUT BAD FOR HAIR

THE OLD WAY
Hair dulled, greasy,
discoloured by soap
washing



**The NEW
"Make-up" way**
Adds 4-6 shades of richer, natural
colour to your hair—makes it
livelier, more lustrous.

Now... 2 Amazing New
"MAKE-UP" shampoos

add to your hair that beautifying touch that
a little make-up adds to your face.

Would you believe it—hundreds of
thousands of Australian women use plain
everyday soap on their hair. No wonder
you see so many women about with dull,
colourless, lashed-looking hair. The soap
has left a greasy ugly film. This film
covers the real beauty, and takes away
from your looks.

Are you one of them? Would you use
flour or starch or chalk instead of a good
powder on your face? Of course you
wouldn't! Then why not use the amazing
new Make-up shampoos—Sta-blond for
fair types—Brunitex for dark types. Then
you will see what a beautiful mass of
colour and lustre your hair can be—even

if it is a "sort of" colour, fairish, darkish
or mousy. Your hair will shimmer like
moonbeams on a lake.

What is more, Sta-blond and Brunitex
contain the wonderful new discoveries
Lanolin, Colophol and Colocof. These stop
dry scalp and dandruff, and make your
hair easy to manage.

Sta-blond makes fair hair 4 to 6
shades lighter—Brunitex makes dark
hair 4 to 6 shades richer and deeper.
Both types become lovelier—more
lustrous. Sta-blond and Brunitex give you
more lustre than soap will. Don't ever use
soap again. Be sure and buy a packet of
Sta-blond or Brunitex today.

STA-BLOND OR BRUNITEX
makes you prettier

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"So much *TASTIER* with Kraft Cheese"

— says **ELIZABETH COOKE,**

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



**Kraft Cheese Tastes Better
because it's BLENDED BETTER.**

It's blended better! That's why Kraft Cheese always has the same mellow, delicious goodness. The same creamy-smooth texture which makes it so quick and easy to slice or shred, to toast or melt for your cooking. And Kraft Cheese stays fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping. So always keep your kitchen well supplied with Kraft Cheese in the 8 oz. packet.

ECONOMY NOTE: It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the economical Kraft 5 lb. loaf at your grocers'.



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KRAFT TASTIER TOASTED SANDWICHES

Grand for hot lunches or winter snacks by the fire, toasted Kraft sandwiches have a satisfying, smack-your-lips flavour and they are packed with the first rate nourishment of cheese.

For each sandwich toast a slice of sandwich bread on one side. Trim crusts. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing (a butter saver!) cover with a thick slice of peeled tomato, then with a slice of Kraft Cheese* and a strip of partly grilled bacon. Place sandwiches under low grill heat, or in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., until the cheese is melted and the bacon crisp and cooked. Serve hot garnished with lettuce, gherkin, or parsley sprigs.

*Cut slices of cheese from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf, or use two slices of cheese from Kraft 8 oz. packet for each sandwich.



HOW'S THIS FOR FOOD VALUE?

Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins — for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

Matron **CONNELLY**

Says:

"**VEGEMITE**



is a food
essential
to good
health"

"Every Hospital knows the value of delicious Vegemite" says Matron Connelly — and children from the age of six months thrive on this concentrated extract of yeast. They love the tastier flavour of Vegemite too!

BONNY VEGEMITE YOUNGSTERS



THELMA PRAED

Thelma is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Praed of Garton Street, Port Melbourne and her second birthday is on July 27th. Mrs. Praed says: "Vegemite is a great favourite of Thelma's and I know it's doing her a world of good."



GRANT JARRETT

Grant's third birthday is August 1st and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett of Summer Hill, N.S.W. Mrs. Jarrett says: "I wanted to make sure that Grant was getting enough vitamins and the Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for him."



JANET TURNER-JONES

Four years old on August 1st, Janet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Turner-Jones of Grange, Brisbane, Queensland. "I've been giving Vegemite to Janet ever since my local Infant Welfare Centre recommended it to me" says Mrs. Turner-Jones. "I have found it a most healthful food and I can recommend it to all mothers."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B₁ (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B₂ (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



● Simple, hot sweets made from economy ingredients can be given a delicious flavor by careful use of marmalade, jam, golden syrup, grated fruit rinds, and fruit juice.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

BETWEEN - SEASON dinners call for satisfying hot desserts, particularly if the first course is to be served cold.

Baked, boiled, or steamed puddings, using sponge or pastry mixtures flavored with fruit (fresh or dried), jam, syrup, honey, grated fruit rinds, or candied peel, are the best answer to the query, "What shall I make for dessert to-night?"

Sauces are a valuable complement to hot sweets—particularly steamed puddings.

A pudding with a bland flavor needs a tangy sauce, and vice versa.

Custard, sweet white sauce, jam, or lemon sauce goes well with most baked puddings.

Some types of baked pudding—such as raspberry whirligig, illustrated on this page—provide their own sauce, a great time-saver on a busy day.

Here's another time-saving idea: If white sauce is needed for a savory dish, and custard for the sweet, make double the required quantity of white sauce, omitting seasoning.

Divide into 2 saucepans. To one add salt, pepper, diced cooked onion, grated cheese, capers, or any flavoring desired, and serve with the savory dish.

To the other portion add sugar, and vanilla, almond essence, grated orange or lemon rind, and serve with the sweet.

MARMALADE DATE PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 level tablespoon marmalade, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons chopped dates, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add egg, mixing well. Fold in marmalade,



Serve them HOT!

HOT steamed or baked puddings are a fine finish for a simple family dinner. The sweets pictured above are marmalade date pudding, stuffed baked apples, and raspberry whirligig. See recipes on this page.

peel, walnuts, and dates; then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. pudding-mould, cover with greased paper, steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with custard or sweet white sauce.

STUFFED BAKED APPLES

Four medium-sized red-skinned apples, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon

brown sugar, 1 egg-white, and 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue; cherries to decorate.

Wash and dry apples, cut a thick slice from top of each. Remove cores, scoop apples, removing about ¼in. of the pulp, but leaving skin intact. Sprinkle with lemon juice, place a dab of golden syrup in each. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon. Rub in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mix well. Fill into spaces in apple cases. Stand apples in greased

dish, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until apples are barely tender. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Spoon or pipe round edges of apples, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Decorate with cherries; serve hot or cold.

RASPBERRY WHIRLIGIG

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, Syrup: One-third cup water, 2

tablespoons raspberry jam, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, spread lightly with jam. Moisten edges of pastry, roll as for Swiss roll. Cut into 1in. slices. Prepare syrup. Mix ingredients well together, heat until sugar dissolves. Pour into shallow ovenware dish. Pack pastry slices closely together all over surface. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Progress prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

THESE six good recipes earn £5 each for enterprising readers in our £2000 cookery contest.

Every reader has the opportunity of winning the Grand Champion prize of £1000 for a model food budget and menu plan, or a share in the £1000 offered in cash prizes for best recipes.

There is no limit to the number of entries in Section 2—so enter now! N.B.: All spoon measurements are level in these prize recipes.

SALMON AND MUSHROOM SHORTCAKE

Shortcake: Four ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. cornflour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 3 tablespoons water.

Filling: One ounce margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2oz. peeled chopped mushrooms, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 small tin salmon, squeeze lemon juice, parsley and lemon wedges to garnish.

Shortcake: Sift flour, cornflour, and salt. Rub in shortening, add lemon rind. Mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, divide into 3 portions. Roll each portion to fit 8in. sandwich-tin. Press into greased tin, brush top with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out, sandwich with salmon filling, garnish with parsley and lemon wedges, serve hot.

Filling: Melt margarine or butter, add onion and mushrooms, cook over low heat until onion is soft but not browned. Stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add milk, salt, cayenne pepper. Stir until boiling. Fold in drained, flaked salmon and lemon juice.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Wilson, Brisbane Rd., Southport, Qld.

FRUITED BRAN LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup fine bran, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons chopped peanuts, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, or omit egg and milk and use 1½ cups orange or grapefruit juice.

Sift flour, salt, soda, and cinnamon. Rub in margarine or butter; add bran, dates, raisins, peanuts, sugar. Mix to a moist dough with beaten egg and milk or fruit juice. Turn into 2 well-greased nut-roll tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Slice when cold, and spread with butter or cream cheese.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. M. White, "Morven," Culcairn, N.S.W.

GATEAU A LA PARISIENNE

Half pound puff pastry, 3 tablespoons raspberry jam, 3 tablespoons lemon cheese spread, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 teaspoon rum, 2 tablespoons whipped cream or mock cream, chopped toasted almonds, cherries to garnish.

Cut pastry into 4 portions. Roll each portion to a circular shape about the size of an 8in. sandwich-tin. Tin may be used as a guide when trimming edges, so that all 4 pieces are even in size and shape. Place pastry circles on oven-trays, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on trays.

Spread one round with raspberry jam cover with second piece of pastry. Spread with lemon cheese, cover with third piece. Spread with apricot jam flavored with rum. Place fourth round on top. Spread top thickly with whipped or mock cream, sprinkle with toasted almonds. Decorate with cherries, serve cold.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. E. Pippet, Station St., Belgrave, Vic.

RABBIT WITH SWEET-SOUR SAUCE

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, fat for frying, 2 medium-sized onions, 2 sticks celery, 2 tomatoes, 2oz. mushrooms, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, chopped parsley to garnish.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint. Soak 1 hour in salted water. Drain, dry, cut into joints. Coat joints thoroughly with flour, pepper and salt. Brown well in hot fat, remove; pour off all but 1 dessertspoon of the fat. Add sliced onions and balance of flour, brown lightly. Stir in vinegar and water. When boiling, replace rabbit, add diced celery, peeled chopped mushrooms, skinned chopped tomatoes, sugar. Cover

closely, simmer gently 1 to 1½ hours. May be necessary to add a little more water halfway through cooking-time. Serve piping hot garnished with chopped parsley.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Haughton, 158 Carrington Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

ECONOMY POT ROAST

One medium-sized shin of beef, 4 rashers fat bacon, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 carrots, 6 small onions.

With a very sharp knife cut meat from shinbone in 2 long pieces. Trim to a neat shape, reserving trimmings for stock or soup. Cut 2 slits in each piece of meat and insert rasher of bacon—first removing rind. Place the two pieces of meat together and tie or skewer firmly. Mix flour, pepper, salt, nutmeg, cloves, mustard, and brown sugar. Rub thoroughly into meat. Melt fat in heavy saucepan, add meat, brown well on all sides. Add water and vinegar, cover closely, cook 2 to 2½ hours, turning meat occasionally. Add whole onions and halved carrots. Continue cooking with lid on until vegetables are soft—about 30 to 40 minutes. Lift meat and vegetables on to hot serving-dish, thicken gravy slightly, and serve in a gravy-boat. Serves approximately 5 people.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. B. Moddy, 4 Mashobra St., Merlynston, Vic.

MOCK CHICKEN LOAF

Two cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, pinch powdered sage, 1 tablespoon finely diced shallot or onion, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups minced rabbit meat, browned crumbs, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon milk, pinch cayenne pepper.

Heat milk pour over breadcrumbs. Add salt, pepper, nutmeg, sage, and shallot. Stand 1 hour. Fold in beaten eggs, celery, parsley, rabbit. Turn into loaf-tin previously greased and sprinkled with browned crumbs. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. During last 15 minutes of cooking-time prepare topping. Place cheese, butter, mustard, sauce, milk, and cayenne into a small saucepan. Stir over low heat until well mixed. Turn loaf on to hot serving-dish, spread top with cheese mixture, place under hot grill 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. R. Fuller, Urunga, Bellinger River, N.S.W.

He never
enjoyed his tea...



till he tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!



"Good?"

Why it was like tasting tea
for the first time," he cried, savouring
that rich Lipton flavour.

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to "Brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk"
is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-
bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's
skillful blending.

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see our old friends in Mel-
bourne. But because of the
heavy demand for accom-
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BISTO GRAVY FOR EVERY MEAT DISH

Avalanche of rich cash prizes to be won...

Our Grand £2000 Cookery Contest

£1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE
For a Model Food Budget and
Menu Plan

£1000 IN CASH PRIZES
For Your Best Recipes

It's a wonderful opportunity to win handsome cash prizes —
FREE. Early entries are already scooping £5 progress prizes in
Section 2. Six are given away every week — so send in recipes now!
You can enter as many recipes as you wish in Section 2. Only
one entry may be submitted by each competitor for Grand Champion
Prize of £1000 in Section 1. Here are the simple conditions in brief:

SECTION 1.

To enter for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 you are asked to
submit a model family budget and menu plan for a week for a family
of four—comprising husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.

A competitor may choose one of four weekly amounts on which to
base her model food budget. These amounts are: £3, £3/10/-, £4, £4/10/-
to cover the cost of food used.

Set out menu plan for breakfast, lunch (packed and/or served at
home), and dinner for 7 consecutive days, commencing Sunday.

Give detailed recipes for main dishes listed in each dinner menu.
Attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of foodstuffs
for each meal. All foods, including home-grown fruits and vegetables,
must be accounted for in the budget and costed at the retail prices
operating in your district.

IN AWARDING THE £1000 PRIZE THE JUDGES WILL
CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

- Best possible use made of amount of money available for food.
- Menus planned to provide the correct nutritional balance.
- Due consideration given to the age of children, seasonable supplies, and local climatic conditions.
- Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one week's menus.
- Provision made for economical stove management—e.g., using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish only.
- Provision made for use of left-overs.

SECTION 2.

£1000 in prizes for recipes for cakes, meats, desserts, pastries, and
scones, etc. These prizes will be awarded in the following classes:

Class 1.—Cakes CHAMPION PRIZE, £50. This

prize will be awarded for the best
cake recipe of whatever type. The
recipe which wins this prize will
not be eligible for any other prize.

Fruit Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Sponge Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Novelty Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Butter or Substitute Cake: First
Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Small Cakes or Cookies: First
Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Class 2.—Meats First Prize, £25,
for best economy

meat dish sufficient for family of 2
adults and 3 children. Second Prize,
£5.

Class 3.—Desserts First Prize, £25,
for best hot

dessert (other than pastry) suffi-
cient for family of 2 adults and 3
children. Second Prize, £5. First
Prize, £25, for best cold dessert
(other than pastry) sufficient for
family of 2 adults and 3 children.
Second Prize, £5.

Class 4.—Pastry First Prize, £25,
for best savory

pie or tart. Second Prize, £5. First
Prize, £25, for best sweet pie or tart.
Second Prize, £5.

Class 5.—Various Scones, or Ten-
cakes, or Nut

Roll, or Fruit Roll. First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

CONDITIONS ARE EASY.—You may enter as many recipes as you
wish in Section 2. Only one entry may be submitted by each competitor
for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 (Section 1).

Ingredients to be listed in the order in which they are used; exact
weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, level tablespoons,
etc.

Write out recipes clearly on one side of paper only, giving on each
page full name and address (including State), and indicating section and
class in which recipe is entered.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and
economical.

Contest closes September 18. Results announced in early November.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

£200 in consolation prizes

IN addition to the big final awards 100 Consolation Prizes of £2
each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.

£30 EVERY WEEK IN PROGRESS PRIZES

During the progress of the competition, regular weekly cash
prizes for recipes will be increased to six Progress Prizes of £5
each, awarded for good recipes. These progress prize-winning
recipes remain eligible for the final judging.

See this week's Progress Prize awards on Page 33.

HANSEN'S JUNKET IS

RICH
IN FOOD
VALUE

Because it is made on milk,
Hansen's Junket is rich in essen-
tial body-building proteins.

RICHER
IN RENNET

Because it is richest in rennet,
Hansen's Junket sets quicker,
firmer and is easily digestible.

RICHEST
IN
QUALITY

Made to a high standard of ex-
cellence to a 70-year-old formula,
Hansen's Junket quality is un-
equalled.



The secret of light cakes, scones
and pastry lies in well sifted flour
—always sift three times in a
"KANDE" Flour Sifter.

Oh! this
distressing 'flu!

The "inner heat"
created by Wawn's
Wonder Wool pro-
vides welcome relief
to winter coughs
and sneezes — pro-
vides a full flow of
energizing blood to
the affected area—
relieves congestion
quickly—and with-
out drugs.

WAWN'S 'THE MAGIC WOOL'
Wonder Wool
for CHILLS, CHEST COLDS,
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO

NEURITIS PAINS
GO... QUICKLY!

The throbbing nerve-racking pains
of neuritis, rheumatism, sciatica and
lumbago are caused by minute uric
acid crystals which irritate and in-
flame the nerve centres. Until the
excess acid is expelled the pain will
continue. Merely deadening the
pain is no use. TAKE 1 OR 2
RHU PILLS WITH WARM
WATER AT BEDTIME and GET
RID of the acid and impurities
that are the basic cause of your
trouble.

SMALL SIZE 1/-, ECONOMY SIZE 2/6
RHU PILLS TONIGHT

-TOMORROW YOU'RE RIGHT!

H3-14



*You haven't
a ghost of a
chance*



WHAT DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE... A MIND
READER? HOW DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
MY CHANCES WITH
SUE?

YOU DON'T NEED
TO BE A MIND READER
TO KNOW HOW A GIRL
LIKE SUE FEELS ABOUT
BAD BREATH!
CHECK UP WITH YOUR
DENTIST
AND SEE
BILL!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!
FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE, THAT IN 7 OUT OF
10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL
BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
CERTAINLY MAKES MY MOUTH
100% FRESH... AND DOES A
SUPER POLISHING JOB
ON MY TEETH!



"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN
ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE
HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN
OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND SO REMOVES
THE CAUSE OF MUCH UNPLEASANT BREATH. AND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT
CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!"

LATER...
THANKS TO
COLGATE'S
DENTAL
CREAM

FROM NOW ON
YOU'RE MY FAVOURITE
GHOST!



...AND I'LL GO ON
HAUNTING YOU
FOREVER!

PLAY SAFE!

Twice a day . . .
and before every date . . .
use



LARGE 1 1/2 SIZE
GIANT 1 1/10 SIZE
twice as much
as 1 1/2 size



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH

D1/708



CLEAN YOUR SINK FAST

this safe, easy way!

So safe . . . cleans without grit! Why scratch dirt away—and the finish with it—when fine, white Bon Ami cleans without harm to sinks and baths? It's so quick and easy to use! And you get a polish as you clean. No extra work. Lots of extra sparkle. For better, brighter results—and hands that stay nice—use Bon Ami.

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



PRATTLE NOT

of other ways
Coughs and colds to banish,
I know but one way to make
These dread partners vanish.
It's a trusted remedy,
Pleasant, wholesome, pure,

For 'flu for coughs and colds always
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Never neglect Colds, take

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

How to treat an ABRASION ON FOREHEAD

1. Cleanse the area thoroughly and dry.
2. Select a suitable Elastoplast dressing and remove the protective muslin.
3. Stretch fabric slightly and without touching antiseptic pad place over the broken skin.
4. Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.

The abrasion is now comfortably and securely protected. The dressing being elastic conforms to the shape of the forehead. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no other antiseptic or bandages. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt, see your doctor.

Elastoplast
FIRST AID DRESSINGS
in RED TINS, 1/1 & 2/1 from
Chemists.

Made in England by
T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull.

RIGHT: Section of sunroom and den in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Curtis, at Canterbury, Vic. The whole family enjoys this room, which has wide windows and doors opening on to the terrace and garden. Curtains are delicate chaise longue, covers of chairs and stools amethyst with chartreuse piping, furniture is limed oak, and there are cream rugs on the parquet floor.

(1)



LITTLE ANNE CURTIS' pretty bedroom has cream furniture, flower-sprigged bed-covers, curtains, and flounced dressing-table skirt. Carpet is rose-pink, with a white wool rug between the beds.



BABY JIMMIE'S ROOM has white furniture, floral carpet, pink curtains. His favorite toys and animals decorate shelves and cupboard tops; also cot and floor.

CHARMING BACKGROUND . . . for young Victorian family



HALLWAY AND STAIRS are carpeted in rich amethyst, and a plain amethyst chair stands in the corner, adorned with a mist-blue cushion.

THANK YOU
DOCTOR

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.24

FORD PILLS

Dress sense begins
with a choice of

Joshua Hoyle

Colton and Rayon
DRESS FABRICS
Made in England

Agents:
F. G. Hyatt & Co., 332 Flinders Lane, Melb.
John A. Kanyon Pty. Ltd., 45 York St., Sydney





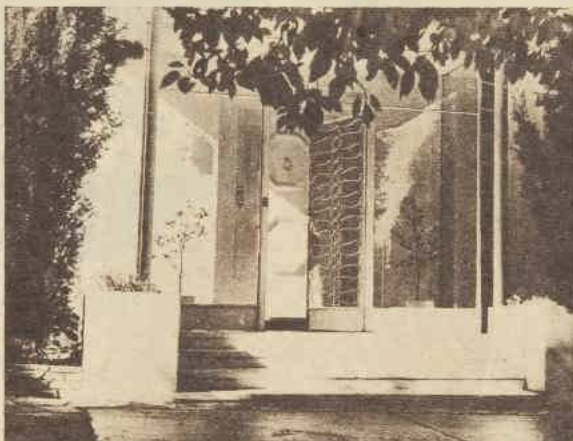
ANOTHER corner of sunroom (left) shows the porthole window (a striking feature of this charmingly informal room), which could be copied at a little cost. Fireplace is marble, shades of wall-lights amethyst. Flowers and pictures are in keeping with the scheme. Cocktail bar, not visible in picture, is decorated primarily in turquoise, and opens up to reveal turquoise upholstered stools.

● Glimpses of the Leo Curtis' house at Canterbury, Victoria, are shown on these pages.

It is a spacious, attractively furnished home, not a show place, and a happy young family of four whirl in and out, up and down stairs, without leaving evident traces of wear and tear.

Except for the sunroom and den, the ground floor is carpeted in amethyst tones, with off-white and delicate pastel shades for contrast.

—EVE GYE.



ENTRANCE: Cream iron grille, set in steel and glass frame, opens on to sheltered landing and panelled front door, which has brass knocker and handle.

Thin out perennials

MANY odd jobs have to be done in the garden to make final preparations for the spring and early summer show—and here are some of them.

Delphiniums will be producing shoots and these should be thinned out before they become too big. If all the shoots are allowed to remain, the resulting flower spikes will be short and stumpy and individual blooms extremely poor.

Two shoots are enough for newly planted delphinium seedlings and three or four for old-established crowns. Naturally it is the strongest that should be retained. Those that have to be removed should be cut off flush with the root.

Lupin shoots should be similarly treated, particularly those raised from Russell lupin crowns obtained this season. If all the shoots are allowed to remain, they sometimes produce twenty to thirty spikes. For quality blooms, however, drastic thinning is necessary.

Perennial phloxes also require some treatment in early spring. Newly planted phloxes rarely need thinning, but old established clumps do—if the flower heads are to be of good size, of the choice quality and the brilliant colors expected of them. Up to eight shoots per plant can be left to vigorous clumps, but not more than six if the plants are not doing quite so well. Cut away the unwanted shoots with a sharp knife.

Other plants that require thinning at this time of the year are chrysanthemums, lychnis, golden rod, veronicas, blue salvias, oriental poppies, anemones, gypsophilas, Japanese anemones, and others inclined to become weedy after a vigorous season of growth.

Michaelmas daisies are often left standing far too long in the one place. They, too, require lifting, dividing and thinning out. The ground should be manured well, with rotted litter before being replanted.

Chrysanthemums should have been lifted some time ago, divided and set out in well-manured ground, but there is still time for the task. The outside suckers are best for the purpose, and the old, staggy or central growths discarded.

Clean up the seedboxes so that they will be ready for September and October sowings. Don't use the same soil twice for any seedlings. Toss the old stuff out and mix up some rotted turf, leafmould, and sand. A little well-decayed manure can be used, or better still, fill the boxes from the cabbage patch. This soil is usually rich, and provided that you sieve it to remove cutworms and other pests, as well as coarse rubbish, will give excellent results in your home nursery.—OUR HOME GARDENER.



MAIN BEDROOM has apple-blossom walls, mushroom carpet, chintz bed-covers, and frounced dressing-table skirt; filmy curtains on the wide windows of ecru lace froth to the floor. Furniture is all of rosewood. Gilt-framed mirror on chest of drawers.



THE FOUR YOUNG CHILDREN love to ride their cycles up and down the wide driveway. Baby Jimmie gives his whole attention to the job.

Famous RADIO star

HILDA SCURR

says: "Horlicks is the most nourishing food drink of all."



Hilda Scurr chooses Horlicks for two very good reasons. She enjoys its delicious satisfying flavour ... and she has proved it to be the most nourishing food drink of all.

Delicious Horlicks builds you up ... nourishes the body and the nerves ... induces deep refreshing sleep ... guards against "Night Starvation". Ask for Horlicks and enjoy it during the day as well as before bed at night.

Children thrive on Horlicks. Horlicks brings back that lost appetite ... gives children new vitality ... builds them up and strengthens their daily resistance.



Drink
HORLICKS

the delicious, NOURISHING food drink

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!

Nagging Backache may be Nature's warning that your kidneys need attention.



What a relief when backache disappears, through the natural alleviating function carried out by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood, restore healthy kidney action, and so end the misery of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If your pains are accompanied by frequent or poor kidney action, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. So act quickly.

Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic manufactured to rigid standards of purity, and used successfully by millions for over 50 years.

DOAN'S

BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, New York; London; Sydney.

HP2/11/1



Watch for this pretty girl in every store selling flashlight batteries—then you'll be sure to get the new Eveready 950!



PUT **BRIGHTER LIGHT—
LONGER LIFE**

Eveready's brand new flashlight batteries are packed with extra power. This extra power not only puts a brighter light into your flashlight—it gives you a light that **keeps on being bright**. (If you've used other batteries you'll remember how they soon go dim.)

We also put a date-line on every Eveready 950 battery—you must see that date-line to know they are fresh and that you will get 100% service from them.

INSIST ON THE **NEW**
EVEREADY
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950 FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

into your
flashlight



This is one of the new Eveready flashlights. You can focus it down to an extra bright point of light or open it up to a long-reaching wide beam for out of doors at night. Extra strong metal case.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1064—BABY'S PILLOW-SLIP

The design is clearly traced on white organdie ready to embroider in pastel tonings. Lace for finishing the edge is not supplied. Size: Slip measures 11in. x 17in. Price, 3/8. Postage, 2d. extra.

No. 1065—DAINTY APRON

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality British floral cotton available in blue, pink, and green. Simply cut around the pattern and machine. Price, 3/11 complete. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 1066—ROSE CLOTH WITH SERVIETTES AND D'OYLES
The design is clearly traced, ready to embroider, on good quality white or cream linen, or sheer linen in pastel shades of blue, pink, green, and lemon. Wash in pinks and deep red, with green for stems and leaves.

Sizes: Cloth, 36in. x 36in. Price, 14/11. Serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Price, 1/3. D'oyles, 8in. x 8in. Price, 1/- . Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 1067—HUCKABACK TEA TOWELS

Three tea towels in good quality white huckaback, traced ready to embroider. Sizes 18in. x 33in. Price, 3/11 each, or 11/3 set of three. Postage, 6d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notion No. 1066 make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



Fashion PATTERNS

FS220.—Child's frock, sizes 18in., 20in., and 23in. lengths. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

FS219.—Pinafore frock and blouse for a young girl. Sizes 23in., 27in., 31in. lengths. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for pinafore; 1yd. 36in. material for blouse; and 3yds. trimming. Price, 1/8.

FS214.—Trim one-piece in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

FS215.—Slim two-piece suit with rounded neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

FS216.—Casual day dress with pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

FS217.—Waist-whittling gown with fullness in skirt and sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. lace. Price, 2/4.

FS218.—Flattering nightgown with lace trimming. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 8yds. lace edging. Price, 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

New Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration safely



- 1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
- 2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
- 3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
- 4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
- 5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Also in 9½d. jars
Distributors:
Fassell & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Blame LIVER for SICK HEADACHES

TIREDMNESS
NO ENERGY

A Chamberlain's tonight will put you right!

Headaches, "half-alive" depressed feeling, and perpetual tiredness—these indicate a sluggish liver and system-poisoning constipation.

End this unhealthy condition quickly and safely . . . with Chamberlain's Tablets. They're a mild, but thorough, laxative, that clears away the toxic wastes, stimulates the liver and restores regular normal bowel habits—the safe, natural way.

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Chamberlain's TABLETS

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HEENZO makes 1 pint for 2/-

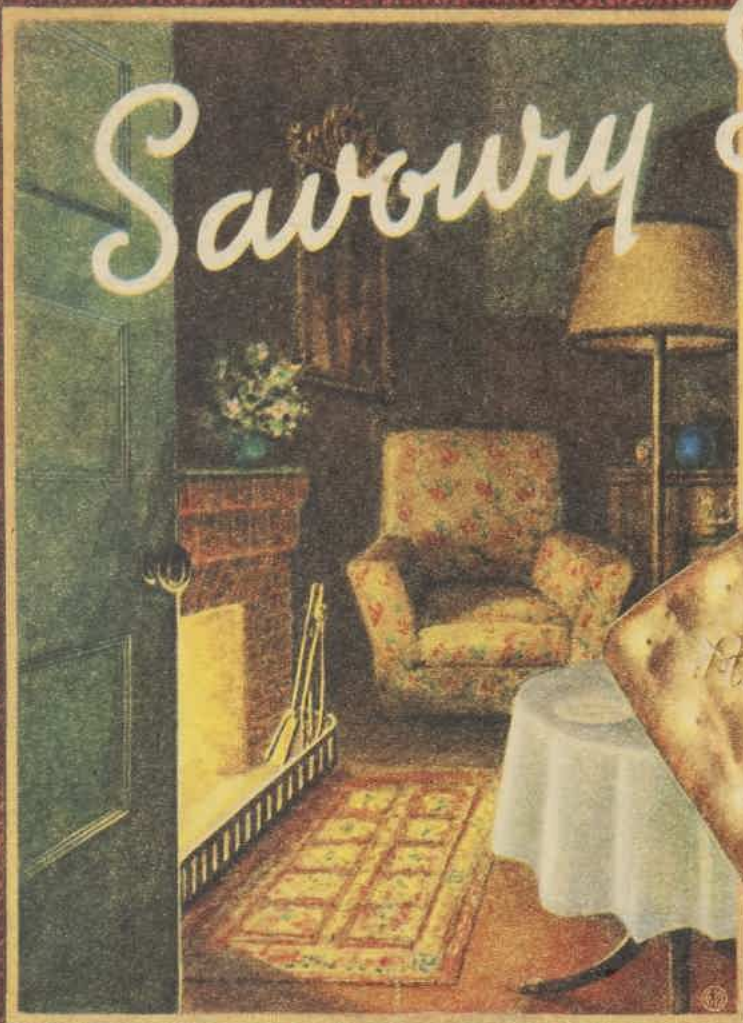
Every shilling that you can save these days is worth having. And you can save pounds during the winter season by making up the best family remedy for coughs and colds by using HEENZO. HEENZO is concentrated and costs only 2/- a bottle. In your own home you simply add HEENZO to sweetened water and make ONE PINT of quick-acting remedy for coughs and colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. Nice to take, money saving HEENZO gives instant relief and is guaranteed equally good for children and adults. NOW is the time to buy a bottle of concentrated HEENZO.

COSTS 2/-
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only
Arnotts
make
Sao (REGD.®) Biscuits

At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."

Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with pepper.

One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

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